Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

The Farmers' Convention at Calais.

The recent meeting of the Board of Agriculture at Calais—of which we give a partial report elsewhere—was very well attended, the delegation of members being large, and the attendance of others interested very gratifying as to numbers, and increasing as the meetings continued. The attendance during the last day and evening was such as warranted the expression that could it have continued another day, the numbers would have doubled.

The county of Washington is not an agricultural county, as a whole. The energies of the people have been largely expended in manufacturing, lumbering, ship building and commerce. In its southern and southwestern portions are, however, fine agricultural sections, whose development has been a matter of comparatively recent date. How was it years ago all up and down the Denny's river, when lumbering was at its height? Farming was neglected, and the people were mourning because when its timber would all be cut off, and there were no more forests to conquer, what could they do for a living? Ride through the towns on that river now, see the fine farms, the excellent land bearing heavy crops, and say if the people are not more prosperous and independent as a general thing—the average of them—now, than when lumbering was the chief business pursued. So it has been in what are now the older portions of the State when the timber has been cut off, and people have been compelled to engage in farming, then has dawned the true prosperity of the county and the independence of the people. Washington county is no exception to other portions of the State. Up and down many of its rivers and streams the axe and saw will still hold sway; but business men see in the general depression of lumbering and shipping, the time for people to engage in farming and for the neglected resources of this branch of industry to be encouraged and pushed forward as a leading industry—one to be depended upon for subsistence and wealth through all the uncertainties and depressions of other pursuits. Recognizing these facts, the farmers of Washington county, feeling the stimulus and encouragement that would come to the agriculture of the county through a meeting of the Board, early last season forwarded an earnest invitation for the next session to be held in that section. They claimed their farmers had a right to a part of the good influences of the Board, and that while other portions of the State were within easy reach of its meetings generally, Washington county should not have these advantages withheld from it, on account of its remote situation. Being a border county it was still a part of Maine, and demanded some of the advantages other parts of the State received from its various institutions and organizations calculated to benefit the people. Accepting these views, the committee decided in favor of Calais as the place of meeting, and its results were such as satisfied the Board of their correctness. The gentlemen making up the attendance were earnest, intelligent farmers, men who came to be benefitted and who carried from the meeting good seed, sown in good and honest ground.

The subjects forming the leading topics of consideration were such as the farmers of the county wished presented to the people. These were sheep husbandry, dairying and fruit growing; and although they have been well and frequently discussed at meetings in other parts of the State, the farmers in that section were anxious to have them urged upon their attention in all their force and freshness—that they might be a means of awakening the people to the important part they will hereafter act in the advanced agriculture of Washington county. And we think more pertinent subjects could hardly have been selected. For sheep husbandry and fruit growing, large sections of the county are peculiarly adapted, and it is not unlikely dairying by the associated system will soon be established in the coastward district. Indeed many of the farmers present become so much interested in the matter that they left the convention fully decided to at once take such steps as will secure the establishment of a cheese factory in the vicinity of Pembroke, to be put in operation early another season. The subject of fruit growing drew out one of the most profitable discussions—to the farmers present—of the session; while that of sheep husbandry is one equally adapted for every county in the State, and one to which our farmers should give constant, well directed attention.

At its business meetings the Board gave attention to several important matters, among them the part Maine agriculture should take in the Centennial, the management of agricultural societies, and the topics which should form the leading subjects of consideration at the coming annual meeting. A committee was appointed to devise a scheme of topics for public consideration, and they have already perfected the same which will be presented to the farmers of the State at an early day, that they may have the same under thoughtful consideration, and be prepared to aid in its discussion at the approaching winter session.

A pleasant feature of the meeting was the attendance of many prominent farmers from the English side, who came across to participate in the discussions, and to assure our people of their cordial good feeling and co-operation with us in every effort which shall carry forward the great art of agriculture; an act the importance of which is recognized throughout all nations, without regard to boundaries or division lines, and which judicious men everywhere have loved to foster and promote. The hospitalities extended to the Board by Mr. C. F. Todd of St. Stephen—the representative farmer of the St. Croix valley—were most distinguished. The members were taken to his elegant residence in carriages, shown over his excellent farm, given an opportunity to examine his fine herds of thoroughbred Shorthorns and Herefords—to the former of which has recently been added some choice imported animals, among them the cow Peggy 13th, from the famous Bow Park herd of Hon. George Brown, Brantford, Canada, weighing 1600 lbs., and one of the best breed Shorthorns in America—and what was better than all entertained to a sumptuous lunch in his elegant residence, and assurance of his cordial sympathy with Maine men and Maine agriculture. The occasion was a most enjoyable one, and will ever be remembered with satisfaction by all who participated in it, and in return for which the thanks of the Board were most appropriately tendered.

The general feeling of the members of the Board and all who participated in its proceedings, was that the session had been a most successful one, that good seed had been sown, and that a good influence would go out from the meeting—one which would not be lost upon the farmers or agriculture of Washington, but which would yield good returns in all the future.

An Old Acquaintance.

We present our readers this week with a spirited and correct illustration of Gen. Knox—the founder of the ever popular Knox family of Maine horses—as he at present looks. Although nearly twenty years old, Knox has proved remarkably successful in the stud, and his recent get now forming a part of the stud at Fashion Farm, Trenton, N. J., are said by *Wallace's Monthly* to be "a remarkably strong, bony, vigorous lot of youngsters, with knees and hocks almost like grown horses." Knox is a natural trotter of high speed, and has a record of 2:24 over Prospect Park. It is difficult to find some one of his get that cannot lay claim to speed; and among those who have honorable records are Plato, Gilbreth Knox, Campors, Lady Maud and others—the last two having beaten 2:20, and Lady Maud having placed three heats in a single race below that figure. As much as this cannot be said of any sire in existence, except Volunteer by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. For the use of this cut—which is a careful copy from an instantaneous photograph by Schreiber of Philadelphia—we are indebted to Mr. Henry N. Smith, proprietor of the Fashion Stud Farm; and we know our Maine horsemen will all thank us for giving so faithful a portrait of an old friend of which we are all so proud, which has done so much for the improvement of our Maine horses, and which we parted with from our State with many regrets.

An Open Correspondence.

The following letters explain themselves. The article to which reference is made by Gen. Tilton, was published in our paper of Sept. 11th, 1875:

TOGUS FARM, NOV. 6, 1875.

Mr. Editor:—Please publish the accompanying letter from Col. Waring, as an offset to the attack upon him and the cow Sunshine, in your paper, by some person whom I have forgotten, if he gave his name.

Very truly, WM. S. TILTON.

NEWPORT, R. I., NOV. 5, 1875.

Gen. Wm. S. Tilton, Togus, Maine:

Dear Sir:—In reply to your question I have to say that in December, 1872, I bought your cow "Sunshine," (2377), from the herd of John P. Marett, of the Island of Jersey. I selected her as the best cow in his herd of suitable age, and received from the Agricultural Society an official certificate that her sire and her dam, and the bull by which she was then in calf, were all Herd Book animals, as per the Societies' carefully kept record. These animals had all had to pass the strict examination of a committee, before they could be admitted to the Herd Book,—which is open only to the best animals. Sunshine is not only a pure Jersey, but her blood is of the very best that the Island can produce. Faithfully yours,

GEO. E. WARING, JR.
Sec'y. A. J. C. C.

Editorial Notes.

The Farmers' Clubs should now take up the work of mental and social improvement in the several school districts, through meetings for discussion and conference, and thus improve the long evenings in a rational manner.

The papers on bee culture, the first of which appears in our columns to-day, will be of value to every person interested in this fascinating pursuit. The writer is a practical and successful bee-keeper, and possesses an intelligent understanding of the whole subject.

How practical our popular magazines are becoming, may be gathered from the fact that the November issue of *Harper's*, contains an elaborate article on Butter and Cheese, describing the modern methods of their manufacture by means of the most approved machinery and the aid of science, illustrated with seventeen engravings. The author is Mr. Edward J. Wickson, who writes in a manner at once popular, practical and scientific.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Meteorological Observations.

An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of Oct., 1875, by Prof. M. C. FERNALD.

Lat. 44° 53' 10" N. Lon. 68° 38' 57" W.
Altitude above the sea, 134 feet.

Mean temperature,	43.61
Maximum "	62.8
Minimum "	21.7
Mean of warmest day, (4th,)	55.7
Mean of coldest day, (29th,)	31.9
Mean per centage of cloudiness,	.58
Am't rain in guage,	4.75 in.

Direction and force of winds:—N. W. & W. .38; S. W. & S., .23; S. E. & E., .11; N. E. & N., .28.

Mean height of barometer in inches,	29.802
Maximum " "	30.274
Minimum " "	29.039
Mean force of vapor sufficient to sustain a column of mercury in height,	.229in.
Mean humidity of the atmosphere,	.78

The Grange at Brunswick.

The Patrons of Husbandry are erecting a building for the use of their society, on the corner of Union street and Gilman Avenue, Brunswick. The first story to be occupied as a store house, and the second story as a hall for the meetings of the society. The material of which the building is being erected has had an eventful career. It was erected about forty years since as a church, by the Universalist society in the village. After being occupied some fifteen years by that society, it was sold to the Calvinist Baptists, and moved about two miles, to Middle Bay. A few days since it was sold to the Grangers, who have taken it down and are re-modeling it into a fine building for their use. M.

For the Maine Farmer.

Register of Maine Horses.

Names Claimed.

HONEST VILEY, for my filly foaled June 1st, 1874, color, light roan, strip in the face, inside of the right hind foot white; got by Emperor William, by Gen. Knox; dam, Messenger. S. S. DELANO.

North Fairfield.

PERRY HAMPTON, for my dark chestnut stallion, five years old, got by J. S. Lyford's Hampton; dam, got by the Clark Horse, by Sherman Morgan. B. F. PERRY.

Minot.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Carmel Town Show and Fair.

The second annual Cattle Show and Fair of Carmel, was holden at Carmel village, Oct. 13th, 1875. The day was fine, and a large gathering of people assembled; not only citizens of Carmel, but many from the adjoining towns. A large number of entries were made, and a lively interest manifested in each department. The committees of the leading departments made the following disposition of premiums and prizes:

Matched Oxen.—4 yrs. old, L. Robinson, J. W. Witham, D. Harrington; 3 yrs. old, Nathan Pike, A. J. Friend; 2 yrs. old, Jas. Quinn, Nathan Pike, G. Heald. Matched Yearlings, D. Philbrick, E. Johnson, A. Tuttle. Heifers 3 yrs. old, J. W. Garland; 2 yrs. old, James Curtis, Chas. Hawes, H. Smith. Yearlings, J. W. Garland. Calves, C. A. Simpson, J. W. Garland. Bulls, Nathan Pike. A. B. Tracy. A. Tarr, Jr. Dairy Cows, Stephen Chase, Paul Ruggles, A. R. Burton. In looking over the stock, one would readily conclude by the condition of the animals, that the hills and valleys of Carmel were not barren patches, but excellent grazing lands. The fifteen tons of cheese in the factory storehouse also bear testimony to the same. A sample of this cheese was on exhibition, and pronounced A. No. 1.

Horses.—Of the carriage horses, Reuben Robinson took the first premium, F. A. Simpson second. Trained 4 yrs. old, Thos. Robinson, A. B. Tracy. A. L. Garot; 2 yrs. old, A. Tarr, Jr., Preston Carter, A. Varney. Yearling Colts, Nathan Pike, E. H. Gregory, L. Hartford. Suckling Colts, A. Varney. L. W. Hartford.

Mules.—A. S. Garland exhibited two pairs 2 yrs. old, which he raised and trained to the harness, showing that they were well adapted to all the wants of the farmer, so far as the duties of the horse are required; while possessing greater powers of endurance and attended with less expense in keeping. Gentlemens' Driving Horses. The prizes were awarded as follows, viz.: Elizabeth, C. Rollins first, Pomp, E. H. Gregory second, Jumping Tom, C. K. Johnson third. Draft Horses. A. V. McLaughlin's span exhibited such unusual strength, combined with such perfection of training, that no others were entered to compete for preferences.

Draft Oxen.—Lewis Robinson, A. B. Tracy, J. W. Witham. Sheep. P. Hawes exhibited the best single sheep, M. McLaughlin best flock, Rufus Work best buck (Southdown). But few flocks were on exhibition, although it is generally understood that the farmers of this vicinity are fully awake to their interests in this direction. Swine. A. Tarr, Jr. exhibited his fancy in a mammoth Essex hog. It is doubtful if its superior can be found in the county. Shoats. E. H. Gregory, first preference. Pigs. F. A. Simpson, first preference. Poultry. Quite a variety of the feathered tribe were on exhibition. Among those entitled to especial mention were a brood of Houdan chickens, by Mrs. I. W. Johnson. Guinea Hens, Miss Millie Burton first preference, C. Chase second. Game Bantam, Master M. L. Kimball. Buff Cochins, D. Leathers and I. W. Johnson first class; J. Andrews, C. F. Kimball second class. Partridge Cochins, A. L. Garot. I. W. Johnson entered a fine display of Black Eagle, White Bramah and Bolton Garys. Geese. Best display, C. A. Simpson.

Wheat.—J. Harvey first preference, Nathan Pike second, E. H. Gregory third. Peas and Oats, Nathan Pike, E. H. Gregory. Oats, F. A. Simpson, Thos. Robinson, E. H. Gregory. Barley, Henry Kimball. Rye and Beans, E. H. Gregory. Squash, F. H. Simpson, Stephen Chase, H. Kimball. Carrots, T. Robinson, I. W. Johnson. Turnips, Thos. Robinson, D. Philbrick, A. R. Burton. Beets, D. F. Rogers, Thos. Robinson, David Philbrick. Potatoes, C. A. Simpson, E. H. Gregory. Early Blues. Leonard Chase exhibited a fine specimen. Onions, Wm. Chapham, A. R. Burton.

Occupying the centre of the hall were three long tables, particularly attractive to the followers of Epicurus. Two of these were laden with fruit, with here and there a boquet tastefully arranged by Miss E. J. Johnson and Fannie Getchell. One hundred and forty-one plates of choice apples of nearly every variety, were on exhibition. The committee on this department gave F. Rollins the first degree of preference, and deemed it just to call all others (fourteen contributors,) excellent specimens, and hard to be beaten. Pears. Albion Tuttle, Stephen Chase and I. W. Johnson exhibited several varieties, which were very creditable. The third table had the honor of supporting the bread, butter, cake, jellies, preserves, pickles and honey. Cake, Mrs. Minnie Harvey, Mrs. B. F. Hopkins. Mrs. Minnie Harvey exhibited an excellent specimen of brown bread. White Bread, Potato Bread, Mrs. S. S. Getchell. Yeast Bread, Mrs. N. D. Dawes, Mrs. Malone. Butter, Mrs. Lewis Robinson, Mrs. T. Robinson, Mrs. Levi Johnson, Mrs. F. A. Simpson, Mrs. O. H. Perry, Mrs. E. H. Gregory and Mrs. S. H. Bartlett are worthy of honorable mention as butter makers. Jellies, Mrs. D. O. Johnson first preference, Mrs. I. W. Johnson second.

The ornamental department was well filled, and specimens of wax leaves, wreaths and crosses, worsted flowers, pencilling, painting, quilts, rugs, yarn, hosiery and fancy needle work made an attractive display.

The foot race was a prominent feature of amusement for the day. The competitors were B. Kimball, A. Robinson and J. Dearborn. Dearborn won the first prize and Robinson the second. In addition to the foot race a potato picking was engaged in by the spectators. The competitors were G. W. Brown, J. E. Winslow and R. Mayo. The first prize was won by J. E. Winslow; second prize by R. Mayo.

The Marshal, E. H. Gregory and assistants Jas. Shaw and Thos. Robinson, are entitled to the thanks of the towns-people and all who were present, for their untiring efforts in infusing a pleasant and peaceful spirit among those who were present. They have proved themselves well fitted for their responsible positions.

The thanks of the community are due also to their committee of arrangements, for their labors in arranging the hall and grounds. Altogether the Fair was a perfect success, and was enjoyed by all.

Carmel. A. I. HARVEY, *Ass't. Sec'y.*

For the Maine Farmer.

The Orchard.

An Example of Good Culture.

I saw at the Fair of the Lincoln County Agricultural and Horticultural Society, lately held at Waldoboro', two baskets of apples so remarkable in character that I made it a point to find the grower of them, and ascertain by what method he had produced fruit so excellent.

The one basket was the Northern Spy, the other the Baldwin—one bushel of each. They were raised by Mr. Henry L. Trask of Jefferson. The Northern Spy were larger than I have ever seen elsewhere, equal in size to a good lot of the Twenty Ounce, which is the largest of the western apples found in our markets. They were well colored, fair and fine in all respects. The Baldwins were also remarkably large, high colored and fine, far the best samples of the kind that I have ever seen.

The answer of Mr. Trask to my question how he produced such fruit, is significant. "I take care of my trees," he said. He gave me an outline of his treatment. The orchard is about sixteen years old. The trees were from New York, procured through a *tree agent*, and a large part of them proved to be Baldwins. About half a dozen Northern Spy, which began to bear when six or seven years planted in the orchard. From this and what is to follow, it may be seen, that those who give their trees proper care and culture, need not wait fifteen or eighteen years for the fruit of the Northern Spy. The ground has been cultivated every year since the trees were planted—never has been in grass during that time. When the trees were small, annual crops were grown among them. But since the trees began to cover a considerable part of the ground, that has been discontinued, but the culture continued. Manure of various qualities, all produced on the farm—sometimes stronger and sometimes weaker—has been applied from time to time. Mr. Trask mulches his trees heavily late in the fall, sometimes applying the mulching before he has done gathering the fruit. He uses meadow hay or other cheap stuff, sometimes laying it on two feet in depth. He allows it to decay on the ground. He has never suffered from mice. He keeps cats, and besides the mulching gets so much decayed and so wet before winter, that mice would not like such accommodations. The soil is a deep, sandy loam. The surface slopes easterly and southerly.

Mr. Trask has never used ashes or lime

GEN. KNOX: FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

for his trees, nor any commercial or other purchased manure. He considers the Baldwin tree tender—believes his trees of that variety are rotten at the heart, and expects them to die young, but says that they have been very heavy bearers, and "they will not die in debt." He gets a good yield of apples every year. His Baldwins have produced abundantly this odd year, when most trees of that variety are barren.

Mr. Trask's case presents an illustration of the profit of good culture of the apple orchard, so striking, that it seemed to me it ought to be published.

It is proper to add, however, that there are differences of opinion as to the benefit of so heavy winter mulching. And aside from the manurial effects of the decayed mulching, there is possibly room for doubt whether the plow carefully used, is not of equal or greater benefit. But it is to be observed that Mr. T. is near the sea-board, where often the snow is scanty during the whole winter, and always liable to be melted away in the latter part of the winter, while the orchards of the interior are almost sure to be well protected till spring, by a heavy body of snow. Evidently the practice works well with him. W. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Washington County Items.

I meet with a few farmers in this county who do not complain of hard times, but with full garners are toiling on, confident that well directed labor will continue to bring its reward. Wm. W. Davis took up a farm in the wilderness at Crooked Brook last season. Having limited means he built a small house and log hovel. After paying $1500 for the place—says there is lumber enough on it to pay for it—he cleared up and burned over land enough last autumn to raise 60 bushels wheat; 170 bushels oats; 60 bushels buckwheat; 10 bushels beans; 75 bushels potatoes, and 2 acres corn—fair for this season, but not husked when I visited him. He feels well satisfied with this his first crop. After leveling the "forest primeval," he has had a busy season putting in and harvesting crops, besides building a good barn and improving his house.

W. Thomas of Waitt, sowed 2 bushels Bald wheat on about 1 1-2 acres land, from which he has just threshed 55 bushels nice wheat. This report may be doubted by some, but after examining the wheat, straw and stubble, and talking with the threshers, I cannot doubt it. Will not Aroostook farmers show their figures?

C. F. Todd, Esq., of St. Stephens, has, beside several other farms where he keeps his nice Durham and Herefords, one at Cody-ville Plantation, from which he has just sold 47 head of cattle for $1903, leaving 100 head still on the farm. He cuts 200 tons English and 350 tons meadow hay, and has built 16 miles of road.

Wm. Stewart of Topsfield, has a new farm of 300 acres, which he commenced clearing in the fall of 1871. His crops this season are about 400 bushels oats, 1200 bushels turnips, 400 bushels potatoes (1000 last season) and 125 tons hay. He keeps 65 head horned cattle and 17 horses. Last season his team for plowing was six oxen and four horses, attached to the largest sized Hussy plow, so strengthened with a wrought iron beam that it served as a rock lifter and stump puller, when it came in contact with them. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Bee-Feeder.

A cheap and most convenient bee-feeder can be made of an old styled "Hero" fruit jar. Remove the zinc cover and punch it full of very small holes—say one-fourth inch apart each way, and half as large as the head of a pin. Fill the jar with honey or any other liquid feed, and put on this perforated cover and screw it on fast, then turn the jar bottom-up over a hole through the top of the hive, immediately on the cluster of bees, and they will take the feed as they need it in winter, provided of course that they do not occupy too cold quarters. If the old "Hero" cannot be had, get the "Hero" improved, and knock the glass out of the cover. A hole may be cut through the top of the hive or through the honey board, just large enough to take the top of the jar in as far as the screw ring, which makes a convenient shoulder for it to rest upon; and about five-sixteenths of an inch space must be between the tops of the combs or frames and the feeder, so that the bees can get under and take the feed. This is the best way I ever saw to feed bees. They eat readily from this feeder, and one can see through the glass when it is empty and fill it again from time to time, as it is consumed.

Plymouth. G. W. P. JERRARD.

For the Maine Farmer.

What Kind of Hens shall we Keep?

This is the query now, as the time approaches which is to separate the living from the dead. The answer will readily be made: Keep those which lay the most eggs. That is good, if they lay good honest sized eggs; but it may be said, we do not care about the size, as small eggs bring just the same. But here comes the question, is it right for the small White Bantam eggs to sell for the same as the Golden Yellow Brahmas? Small eggs may go once or twice; but let a man who follows our market get the name of always having small eggs, and he soon will find the answer to his interrogation to be, "We do not wish to buy to-day." Should the market be filled with small sized eggs, we should look for a remedy where it is found in most every thing else—not in a *false balance* but in a *just weight*. At present we do not know of any State which has fixed a standard of weight, but where discussion has been had upon the subject, it has been thought that it should be a pound and a half to the dozen. Then if eggs are large, the seller can put in a few small ones to top off with, and there will be no grumbling.

A KENNEBOKER.

For the Maine Farmer.

Papers on Bee-Culture.—I.

A person to be successful in any business needs to exercise will, forethought, comparresults and give close attention to his particular branch of industry, whatever it may be. This is true of bee-keeping. It is a well settled point in apiculture, that no business pays better in practical results, for careful retrospection and wise deliberation, and study of the laws which govern these wonderful little insects. Twenty years ago beeculture was a sadly neglected pursuit. Bees were rarely thought to be a source of profit, and often regarded as an expense to the owners. Occasionally in passing through the rural districts, a farmer might be found who kept a few swarms of bees, but to go into the business as a pursuit—no one thought of the thing. Had one advanced the idea of making bee-keeping a source of income, he would have been regarded as insane, or at least extremely wild in financial matters.

But the discoveries of the last twenty years have wrought a radical change in this branch of industry. Then, the economy and principle that governed the hive were but faintly understood; now, there is no longer a point of great importance shrouded in mystery. Comparatively, it has been but a few years since the nature and habits of the honey bee has been understood. Even now bee-keepers are to be found who have kept bees more or less for twenty, thirty and even fifty years, that have no correct conception of the true economy of the bee hive. Generally, it is the "king" that has absolute control of the swarm, and several individuals we have met were confident the drones laid the eggs, while the idea that a single mother bee laid all the eggs whereby the colony increased its numbers, seemed a preposterous assertion. Fifteen years ago when boxes first began to be placed upon hives, in which the bees might deposit surplus honey, it was thought to be a grand achievement; and it was, in comparison to the barbarous method then universally practiced, of applying the brimstone match, whereby the bees were destroyed, in order to appropriate their hoarded sweets the busy little insects had labored through the summer to store. But the peculiar functions of each class of the inhabitants of the hive, and their respective relations to each other were, and it must be admitted still, are to the great majority of people, matters of conjecture and dispute. And to direct the labors of a colony, regulating its operations systematically, so as to secure the desired ends, the utmost ignorance prevailed, and stills prevails very generally.

To the Germans we are indebted for the new light that has dawned upon apicultural science. The enunciation of Dzierzon's theory inaugurated a new era in bee-keeping, and although encountering much hostile opposition, it has most triumphantly sustained itself, and to-day is acknowledged by the most accomplished scientists as practically true. In America we have a trio of D. D.'s, who have made bee-keeping a study, if not for a life time, a good part of their riper and best days have been devoted to this delightful pursuit. To Rev. L. L. Langstroth we are indebted for the moveable comb frame hive, adapted to the wants of the American bee-keeper, to Revs. M. Quinby and H. A. King, both of N. Y., we are indebted for improvements in hives, and to all three for text books of inestimable value to the amateur bee-keeper.

As we have said above, all questions concerning the habits of the honey bee are pretty well understood, the acme of perfection in taking *advantage* of them, however, has not been reached by any means. The only way that progress can be made in our methods of managing bees, is by thoroughly studying their habits, and turning them to good account. It is safe to say that bees will store as much honey and winter as well in a hollow tree, as in the best hive, unless the owner understands their instincts and habits, and can turn them to good account. This much by way of preface. We will endeavor to be more practical in what may follow. L. F. ABBOTT.

Wilton.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Turner Grange.

This enterprising Grange has during the past summer erected a hall to be devoted to the interests of the organization. The building is located at Turner Centre—is 36x60, and two stories high. The hall is on the second floor, occupying, with the necessary anti-rooms, the entire floor. On the lower floor is a large store-room, a wardrobe room, cook-room, and dining-hall. The whole is finished throughout, and in a substantial yet tasty manner. The cook-room and dining-hall are furnished with the necessary conveniences and appliances for cooking and serving hot dinners or oyster suppers as the occasion may require. The main hall is plainly but neatly finished, is supplied with an elegant chandelier, and the walls arranged for hanging pictures whenever they shall be supplied. Altogether it is a commodious structure for the purposes of the Grange or for public uses.

Its completion was commemorated on Thursday the 28th, ult., by appropriate dedicatory exercises. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, the members of the Grange being nearly all present, together with a large number of the citizens who are not members of the Order, and a goodly number of visiting friends from neighboring towns. After the singing of appropriate music and a dedicatory prayer, an address was delivered by Rev. A. Gage of Lewiston, a member of the Order, in which he forcibly presented the necessity of organization among farmers, and the many advantages to be derived therefrom. It was an able presentation of the points presented, and was well received by all present. After the close of these exercises, the whole assembly repaired to the spacious dining hall, where a sumptous repast was served by the matrons of the Grange. After dinner an hour was pleasantly spent in the presentation of sentiments by the toast master, and in responses to the same by numerous speakers present. At a late hour in the afternoon the audience retired, well pleased with the exercises of the day.

The Turner Grange is in a flourishing condition. It now numbers one hundred and thirty-six members, with a prospect of this number being largely increased. Z. A. G.

Weather Report for October at Brunswick.

Rainfall, 3 9-10 inches; highest thermometer, 60°; lowest, 26°. Average of coldest day, 35°; average of warmest day, 57°. Two inches of rain fell in six hours during the night of Oct. 30th. Nov. 1st, first light snow. M.

[Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

Farmers' Convention at Calais.

FIRST EVENING.

The semi-annual meeting of the Maine Board of Agriculture—embracing, as has been the custom for many years—a Farmers' Convention was held in accordance with previous arrangement on the 2d, 3d and 4th inst., in the City Rooms, Calais, Washington county—the opening meeting however, taking place at the St. Croix Exchange. At this meeting, which was held on Tuesday evening, a very full representation of the members were present, the number in all being twenty-one. After the disposition of some preliminary business, the usual reports from the members on the crop returns from the several counties in the State during the past year, was read, which occupied the entire evening.

ANDROSCOGGIN: Z. A. GILBERT. Crops on the whole very satisfactory. Hay crop bountiful, above the average; secured in excellent condition, in consequence of early cutting. Corn crop, growth heavy, but late and rather immature, not up to average. Potatoes injured by rust, two-thirds of average crop; very little rot. Grain very good; wheat not as good as last year, oats heavy, barley good, beans good. Fruit, nearly a total failure; a few orchards escaped ravages of caterpillars, and yielded a fair crop. Pasturage excellent, stock of all kinds has done exceedingly well; prices fair and stock husbandry satisfactory.

AROOSTOOK: ISAAC BARKER.—Hay crop average, but from late cutting was injured by bad weather; corn little cultivated, not a good piece in the county; potatoes more grown but the crop below the average; oats average; barley below the average; buckwheat larger crop than ever, and secured in excellent order; what very good, injured some by midge but fully up to average. Pasturage as good as average, and stock generally has done well. There has been a fair demand for stock, but prices have not been high. Fruit average, better than in years past, and fully up to some other counties. Dairying successful, and cheese factories doing well.

CUMBERLAND: EDWARD PAYSON. So far as he could state, the report for Androscoggin would apply generally to that for Cumberland county—but he could not state positively from personal knowledge.

FRANKLIN: A. L. BRADBURY. Crops not an average. Hay on some farms greater, and on others smaller than average. Wheat not up to last year in quantity or quality; oats above average, barley and rye but little is raised; potatoes not up to average, early kinds did well later sorts rusted bad; corn not up to yield of former years; fruit crop almost a failure. Stock and milk productions good. Associated dairying succeeding well.

HANCOCK: S. WASSON. Hay the best for many years, the bad weather at the close of the season damaging it greatly; oats failure; potatoes about 75 per cent. of average crop; beans a very good crop, especially the improved yellow eye; corn none; barley a general failure; cranberries, the cherry variety destroyed by frost; apple crop good; caterpillars none; pasturage very good, and stock in fair condition; cheese factories, none.

KENNEBEC: I. E. GETCHELL. Hay crop excellent, of first quality, and farmers are becoming convinced of the necessity of early cutting. Farms that have been well taken care of have yielded well; corn better than average, corn cut up early and cured in shock; potatoes Early Rose better than average, late ones rusted and gave a poor crop rotting some; wheat, Lost Nation has yielded well in past, but this year is not more than one-fourth what it has been heretofore; oats and barley average fruit, light; pasturing good and stock is looking well; market gardening is receiving increased attention.

KNOX: T. WILLIAMS. Hay crop better than the average, and got in good order, although late cut hay was damaged; potatoes light, not two-thirds of an average crop; not much grain sown in the county, wheat light; oats and barley an average; fruit light, but better than in some parts of the State.

LINCOLN: L. H. WINSLOW. Hay crop better than average, and secured in better condition; grain of all kinds light, wheat not half of an average crop; oats light; potatoes not more than half of average crop; corn crop very good, more than an average crop; fruit very light. The Lost Nation wheat did better than any other variety. It makes excellent flour if the crop is cured or ripened well at harvest. The Jefferson cheese factory—the only one in the county is giving excellent satisfaction, and is proving a good investment.

OXFORD: G. B. BARROWS. Hay crop in West Oxford very good, and is being cut earlier, which gives a second crop that is cut off in preference to being fed; corn very good; pasturage good; grain—oats very good; wheat not up to average; rye &c., but little raised; potatoes a fair crop, but hardly up to the average, Early Rose good; cheese factories are generally giving increased satisfaction, and people are well pleased with them; apple crop a general failure, winter fruit $4 per bbl.

PENOBSCOT: J. E. SHAW. Hay crop good, and where cut early got in good condition; yield fully the average of past ten years; wheat fully the average, the Lost Nation variety, much esteemed; oats, average; corn a fair crop; fruit very good, but light compared with last year; stock has done as well as usual, fall feed not abundant. Penobscot county has now thirteen cheese factories, and all have given general satisfaction; potatoes about two-thirds of average crop, the rust injuring late planted ones; the Early Rose and Peerless yielded best; Orono rusted badly; 135 bushels per acre he regarded an average crop.

PISCATAQUIS: L. LEE. Farmers feeling well satisfied with crops. Hay crop good, and well secured, except in Northern sections; corn the best for several years past, although some late pieces injured by early frost; wheat more than an average, those who sowed as late as June 1st, got a better yield than those who sowed in May; fruit fair; oats and other grain, average; cheese factories meeting with success; fall feed abundant and cattle doing well, very little fodder fed from the barn up to the first of November.

SOMERSET: W. D. HAYDEN. Crops on the whole satisfactory; hay crop better than average and secured in good condition; wheat not much below the average; oats better than in former years on land in good condition; corn one-half a crop; potatoes two-thirds of crop; fruit half a crop.

SAGADAHOC: I. E. MALLETT. Hay excellent in quality and quantity, and well secured where cut early; grain crop better than for years; quality (wheat, barley and oats) very heavy and good, wheat 25 bushels per acre in many cases; threshes say one-third heavier than average; potatoes fair, early varieties best: corn not much grown, farmers have got accustomed to purchasing their corn from the west; pastures good, stock in excellent condition, except lambs, which are light, owing to moist weather; fruit almost a failure.

WALDO: P. W. AYER. Not had a full crop of hay since drowth of 1871; the last crop however was better than any year since that time; grain; wheat very uneven, generally light, owing to ravages of wire worm; oats heavy and good; potatoes about three-fourths of a crop; fruit crop below an average, although we have considerable fruit; pasturage better than average, and stock of all kinds looking well; corn remarkably good; cheese factories are numerous, and all giving universal satisfaction.

WASHINGTON: C. W. HERSEY. Hay good, although damaged by wet weather; early potatoes good, late planted not more than three-fourths of average crop; corn good; grain light; feed good through the season; fruit a fair crop in this section; turnips light, being too wet for them; in this county within a few years great improvement has been made in farm stock.

FARM OF STATE COLLEGE; DR. ALLEN. Hay crop good; grain good; wheat not as good as years previous, although about 20 bushels per acre were harvested; potatoes light but of good quality; fruit excellent in quality, but not so abundant as in some previous years. Drilled wheat did better than that sown broadcast; sugar beets are grown for cattle with excellent results.

NEW BRUNSWICK: C. E. GROSVENOR, Canterbury, N. B. Crops in York county; hay crop a large one, and where cut early in excellent condition, grain crop a large one; the Lost Nation wheat is not esteemed as highly as the Fife wheat; barley has done well; buckwheat is very good; potatoes fair in quality but yield below the average; fruit crop (summer fruits) was very good, and he regards them better than those grown in the State, the Province is making great improvement in thoroughbred stock.

The crop of sweet corn grown for canning purposes, in all parts of the State, was represented as very good and it was said to be a very profitable and satisfactory crop. Some years it will average from $80 to $100 per acre to those who grow it.

SECOND DAY—FORENOON.

Organization and Opening Addresses.

The Convention assembled in the City Rooms at 10 o'clock A. M., the President, Mr. Z. A. Gilbert in the chair. After calling the meeting to order, Hon. Joseph Granger was introduced who gave a brief and appropriate address of welcome. Mr. Granger was one of the earliest practitioners at the bar in Washington county, has been closely identified with the business interests of the county and city, has many times represented his locality in the Legislature, and at the age of nearly eighty years is still active and vigorous, and deeply interested in the business of agriculture, and all the active industries of the State. He spoke of the general depression of business, the steady decline in the lumber business, and recognized the necessity of giving more attention to the pursuit of farming as a business and investment. It would be found true here, as it has in other sections of the State, that when our lumber interest is down, we must turn our attention to farming, and here as elsewhere it will be found satisfactory and profitable. He therefore welcomed all efforts towards directing public attention to the advantages of farming, and felt sure the present meeting would be productive of good. Appropriate remarks were made in response by Rev. Dr. Allen and President Gilbert. The next exercise was the reading of a paper by B. M. Hight, member from the State Society, on

Success in Farming.

Starting with the idea that too much hard work is done by our common farmers in this State; the speaker advocated regular and not proper hours for work on the farm. While the mechanic, manufacturer and professional men (with few exceptions) have their regular hours for work, on most farms in Maine farmers only know the motto "early and late," year in and year out. If middle life does not find such workers old and broken down, they may thank an iron constitution. No man has a better right to be unnecessarily prodigal of his own strength, than to waste any property committed to his care by another; and the practice, for the most part, defeats its own object, *thrift in business*; and if steady labor during unreasonable hours does not meet with success, the cause of the failure must be looked for elsewhere. To obviate this, first have a well settled plan of operations—of the work to be done. No amount of hard labor can compensate for the disadvantages arising from working, with no definate plan in view. The speaker next alluded to the evils which followed the bad habit of hurried eating, during the period of hard work on the farm; and said great physical injury was the result. After speaking of these and similar evils among farmers, the paper next treated of the way in which these could be avoided and success attained. This may be done by cultivating less land and doing it better. It will cause less labor and bring better crops. System must be put into all farm work, and if the farmer has been cultivating a crop that does not pay, he must consider his circumstances and surroundings, and adapt his efforts to his ends. Specialties in farming were encouraged, and they should be entered upon to a large an extent as is consistent. The young man entering farming as a business should far as possible, follow this course and as a general result success would be sure to follow such earnest, honest endeavors.

Mr. Dunham on Sheep Husbandry.

The paper of Mr. Dunham had special reference to the importance of this branch of industry and the necessity for better laws to protect it. He thought it not en

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 13, 1875.

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☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

S. N. TABER will call upon subscribers in Washington County during the present and ensuing months.

Mr. C. E. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford Counties during September and October.

MR. J. P. CLARK will call upon subscribers in Piscataquis and East Somerset during the month of November.

An Appeal to our Patrons.

We are under the necessity of making one more appeal to delinquent subscribers. A large amount is due us, which is required to defray the current expenses of the FARMER. Our needs are urgent, and the source to which we have a right to look for aid, is to those who are reading and have read the paper for years without paying for it. Will they help us in our present extremity? The little that each delinquent subscriber might easily pay, would in the aggregate make a sum sufficient to relieve our immediate necessities, and also enable us to conduct the paper more to the acceptance and advantage of our patrons. Let the near approaching advent of the Centenary year be made memorable and joyful to both publishers and patrons, by the prompt and cheerful discharge of this duty. The subscriber who pays for his newspaper can celebrate the glorious anniversary of his country's independence with a clear conscience. And as an additional inducement to do this, we make the following offer:

All persons in arrears who will send us the amount now due, at the rate of $2 per year and two dollars in addition, shall receive credit for all past indebtedness, and for a year's subscription in advance. THIS OFFER TO STAND OPEN UNTIL THE FIFTEENTH OF JANUARY, 1876. All payments made at this office, or by mail, or to our authorized agents, previous to that date, will be credited in accordance with the terms above stated.

Marblehead.

One of the oldest and quaintest towns on the New England coast is Marblehead, situated eighteen miles northeast of Boston, and between that and Cape Ann. Most of the city is built on a rocky promontory, and it is thought by some that this promontory may once have been a prolongation of the Cape, the intervening soft parts having since been worn away by the action of the ocean. The rocky foundation upon which a settlement was commenced as early as 1629, is composed of a variety of mineral formations, the more important of which are syenite, porphyry, feldspar and jasper, which are so united as to give a variegated and pleasant effect to the natural sea walls. It was the resemblance of this peculiar rocky formation to marble, that caused the place to be called first Marble Harbor, and afterwards Marblehead.

A fishing station was established at Marblehead in 1631, and was in charge of Isaac Allerton, a Mayflower pilgrim, who had previously been stationed at Castine and Pemaquid. The excellent fishing off the coast, the snug harbor and the facilities for curing the catch upon the rocks, would naturally suggest this as a fishing station. Marblehead was part of Salem until 1649, when it was incorporated by its present name. The harbor is a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, and with a good and uniform depth of water. The principal entrance is between Cat Island and Marblehead Rock, not far from the eastern end of the neck. The other entrance is called "Baker's Island-way."

The streets of the "old town," as it is called to distinguish it from those portions which have been more recently laid out and built up, present such a maze of rocky lanes, alleys and courts, that the stranger will find it impossible to make his way in and out without the assistance of a guide. It does not seem to have been caprice that governed the laying out of these streets, though it may have had something to do with the location of some of the houses. The strike of the greenstone and phophyry ridges, which make up most of the rocky formation, is in a nearly northeast and southwest direction, and most of the area of the old town is made up of several of these ridges, with the intervening depressions. Of course this natural configuration determines the direction of most of the principal streets. They follow the valleys and ridges. Sometimes a house will be several stories high in front, and the rear will rest upon the ridge and be only one story, and sometimes this order is reversed. The cross streets dodge the smaller ridges as the main streets follow the larger ones. Many of the streets are not more than ten feet broad, and so frequent and abrupt are the angles, that the pedestrian in going half a mile will at no time see more than fifty yards of street before him. The effect is, of course, confusing to the stranger. There has been but little change in this part of the town for a century. On State street, which extends from near the old town hall to the wharf, there is but a single house that is not over a hundred years old, and it is said that the frame of that was being raised on the day that Washington visited the town. The buildings are all of wood, and many of them have the hipped and gambrel roofs of the olden time, with chimneys containing bricks enough to make a decent sized building. Probably these streets have more of the appearance of antiquity about them, than those of any other place in New England.

Most of the early settlers of Marblehead are said to have come from the Island of Guernsey, in the English Channel, and their peculiar dialect exists to some extent among their descendants, down to the present time. One of the peculiarities of this dialect consists in pronouncing a for o, and vice versa. The e was also changed to a, sometimes into o, and v into w. In speaking of the stern of his vessel, the ancient Marbleheader would call it the "storn of his wessel." They also had many words peculiar to the place, such as *planchment* for ceiling, *crim* for shudder, and *to clitch* for to stick. The principal occupation of the early inhabitants was fishing. In fall and winter they found fish in abundance within a couple of hours sail of the harbor, and in summer they often fitted out a hundred or more sail for the Grand Banks. They exported fish to many European ports, and Marblehead was for a time the second commercial city in New England. There is a vote recorded in the town records, showing that at one time the people voted a certain sum for the suffering poor of Boston. The war of 1812 proved disastrous to the shipping interests of Marblehead, and many of her hardy fishermen enlisted in the navy. At the close of the war, five hundred of her hardy sons were in British prisons.

While the fishing business has been one of the chief sources of wealth to the people of Marblehead, it has sometimes been fearfully destructive of life. In former times, hardly a gale swept over the Grand Banks without sending some of her sons to the bottom. The most notable of these disasters was that which occurred during the great gale at Newfoundland, on the 19th of September, 1846, when sixty-five Marblehead men and boys were lost, forty-three of them being heads of families. By this calamity one hundred and fifty-five Marblehead children were made fatherless. In two years preceding 1770, this town lost twenty-three vessels with their crews, numbering in all one hundred and sixty-two souls. These annals have suggested many a pathetic tale done up in verse, the most beautiful of which is that of Lucy Larcom's, entitled "Hannah Binding Shoes." Fishing is still carried on to a considerable extent during the late fall and winter months, but it is mostly done in sight of the town. Standing near the monument erected to the memory of those who were lost in the gale of 1846, on burying hill, on Friday last, we saw nearly two hundred vessels engaged in fishing. They were of all sizes, and the sea was white with their sails for many miles along the horizon. A few of these vessels belong to Marblehead, and we were at the wharf when they were anchored in the harbor, and the fish brought on shore in dorys. We noticed some huge cod that weighed forty or fifty pounds each. A single day's catch by the crews which belong to this port, often amounts to five or six thousand pounds. They are sold on the wharf for about two cents per pound, and sent to the Boston market. Dory fishing is also carried on to considerable extent, but it is mostly done by persons who have emigrated here from Nova Scotia.

The old cemetery to which we have referred, is on the summit and along the slopes of one of the highest of the numerous rocky eminences of the town. The sea view from this point is splendid and varied, extending as it does from near Boston harbor to Cape Ann and the entrance to Gloucester. Directly opposite is the "neck," a long strip of land which is joined to the mainland by a gravelly road, and forms the south-eastern boundary of Marblehead harbor. The neck was purchased of the Brown heirs, a few years ago, by a party of Boston gentlemen, for $265,000, and is being sold out in small lots to those who wish to erect summer residences. Sales are by no means rapid, and the golden dreams of the speculators will not soon be realized. Looking off toward Cape Ann the sight is intercepted by numerous islands and sunken ledges, some of which have very singular names, such as Satan, Roaring Bull, Little and Great, Misery, Cut-throat Ledge, etc. It is said that when Whitefield visited Marblehead, he asked "where they buried their dead"—a very pertinent question, considering the small amount of soil upon the promontory. In the old cemetery which we visited, over more than half its area, the rocky formation crops out. In the depressions in the rock where the soil had gathered to the depth of four or five feet, the graves were dug, and some of it has been buried over several times. We were told by a person who claimed to have seen them, that no less than three human skulls were exhumed in digging a grave, which received its tenant the day we reached there. The oldest inscription which we saw was on the slate headstone of one who died in 1692. Many of the old headstones are broken and defaced, and the identity of many of the graves are necessarily lost. None are buried on this hill now except such as have relatives buried here, and this should no longer be allowed.

Among the historic places which we visited were Fort Sewall, named in honor of the Chief Justice who was born here, the old Powder House, Tucker's Wharf, the old Lee Mansion, and the Town Hall. In a queer corner of the town called Oakum Bay, our guide pointed out the former abode of Benjamin Ireson, who as "Floyd Ireson" has been immortalized by the poet Whittier. In his account, the poet has drawn largely upon his imagination, and in many particulars, doubtless unwittingly, departed from the truth. It was not in the Bay of Chaleur that the wreck was deserted, but off Cape Cod. The wreck contained none of his town's people, and he rode not in a cart but in a dory. So much for fact and fancy.

Many illustrious men first saw the light in Marblehead. Among those we will only mention the following: Commodore Samuel Tucker, Capt. Mugford, General Glover, Chief Justice Sewall, Elbridge Gerry, General Jeremiah Lee, Capt. James Lawrence and Chief Justice Story. The town must have been remarkably exempt from fires, for the wooden houses in which most of these illustrious men lived, are still standing.

Marblehead with a population of eight or nine thousand has no hotel, much to our surprise. On our arrival we duly reported at the *Messenger* office, and were directed by the gentlemanly publisher to a boarding place. We found accommodations in what we suppose to be the old Story mansion, opposite the town hall, which is fitted up as a boarding house for operatives in the shoe factories. Our hostess was Mrs. Bell, a Nova Scotia woman, who kindly cared for us, and made up in cordiality what her establishment lacks in style.

We have been able to give only a rambling sketch of this quaint old town, whose history, interesting as it might be made, has never been written. It is much to be regretted that no one of her illustrious sons has found time to write her annals, and preserve from the ravages of time her valuable records. It is not too late now to perform some of these duties, but most of her legends and traditions, in which no spot in America is richer, we fear are lost beyond the hope of recovery. But few, if any, of the seventh generation from the emigrant ancestors are living, and the interesting story of the joys and sorrows, the toils and hardships and the many adventures by sea and by land, of the ancient Marblehead mariners, except the few incidents embalmed in song, may never be transmitted to future generations.

EDUCATIONAL. The tenth annual session of the Maine State Educational Association will be held at Representatives' Hall, in Augusta Nov. 22d, 23d and 24th inst. All persons interested in educational progress are invited to be present. We have already published a list of most of the papers to be read on the occasion. Board can be obtained at either the Mansion, Cony or Augusta Houses, at $1.50 per day. Free return tickets over the Maine Central Railroad and its branches, will be furnished to members, at the convention. Meeting at 8 A. M. Wednesday, for the choice of officers, etc.

☞ Doubtless the most of our readers have seen in our advertising columns for a long time, "The Toll Gate Prize Picture sent free." We are assured that E. C. Abbey is a prompt and reliable gentleman, and that for a stamp to his address at Buffalo, N.Y., several of these very ingenious gems are sent to each applicant. Every body is highly pleased with them.

☞ A correspondent writes from Monson that Mr. Wm. G. Jones has recently opened a slate quarry in the southwest part of Monson, on what is known as the Collie Whiting farm, now owned by Sever Roberts, which proves to be the finest and best quality yet found in that section of the county. This is the eighth quarry in operation in Monson.

☞ Mr. Marshal Whithed has purchased of the assignees of Harrison Baker, the furniture and fixtures of the Augusta House, and will open this favorite hotel to the public next week. The Augusta House is one of the most substantial structures in the city, and one of the best hotel buildings in the State, and it will be Mr. Whithed's aim to make it first class in all its appointments.

☞ Wm. K. Lancey of Piltsfield, a large property owner in this city, where he formerly resided, has assigned for the benefit of his creditors. He was a merchant and large lumber operator. He was an endorser for Coller & Hamilton who recently failed, for nearly $30,000. His liabilities are reported large.

☞ The Postoffice Department has decided that a postal card cannot be twice sent through the mails to the same address by affixing an unused one cent stamp with the second sending. If it is so sent, it is to be charged with letter postage.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. Mr. Jerome G. Kidder of Gardiner, has donated fifty dollars to the St. Mark's Home.——James E. Fuller has opened a meat and provision store on Water street, near the railroad crossing.——A little boy who was present at communion service in one of our churches, told his mother when he came home, that he had attended God's picnic.——Preliminary steps have been taken by Post Seth Williams, for the reproduction of the Military Drama, entitled The Color Guard. The proceeds are to go toward the erection of a Soldiers' Monument in this city.——Four persons received the ordinance of baptism at the Universalist Church, Sunday.——The long delayed job of widening Green street near its junction with Water, has finally been done, and is a great improvement.——Mr. V. D. Pinkham is bringing order out of chaos in front of his house and building lots on Green street. The work has been very substantially performed.——We learn that one of our city physicians had his horse stopped on Gas House hill last week, by several persons whose faces he could not distinguish. He struck his spirited horse and succeeded in escaping from the scoundrels.——The Supreme Court is still in session. Much of its time is spent on picayune cases, which ought to have been settled between the parties.——It is said that the liabilities of Coller, Hamilton & Co., will reach nearly seventy thousand dollars.——Mrs. Woodman, mother of Mrs. Col. Drew, died Sunday; she had been an invalid for a long time.——Judge Libbey had a severe bilious attack Sunday, with symptoms of pneumonia; he is now better.——The hardware stores in this city will close at seven o'clock, Saturdays excepted, until the winter is over and gone.——Six persons were baptized at the Methodist church Sunday.——The newest chapel at the Insane Hospital is plastered and will soon be finished.——S. W. Lane, late of the Portland *Advertiser*, has resumed the practice of law in this city; his office is in Darby block.——Rev. H. W. Tilden is to supply the desk at Togus, during the month of December.——Morse and Turner's new buildings on Grove street are covered in.——An elderly lame man named Thomas Cunningham, was assaulted on Wednesday evening, in the outskirts of Augusta, by two ruffians, who knocked him down, stripped him of his clothing, robbed him of $13, and left him in the road.——The two boys to which we referred last week, have succeeded in finding employment in Sidney.

POPE'S DAY. The people of Marblehead are in the habit of celebrating the 5th of November, called Pope's Day, and we are not aware that this anniversary is noticed any where else in this country. The particular event in history which this celebration is designed to commemorate, is the unsuccessful attempt of Guy Fawkes to blow up the English Parliament House in 1605, and is generally spoken of as the Gunpowder Plot. We witnessed the celebration at Marblehead Friday evening. There were bonfires on the hills, and a procession of persons with blackened faces and torches in their hands, who marched through the principal streets headed by a band. The young American element was predominant, and there was considerable noise. We understand that Marblehead has commemorated this event in this manner, from time out of mind.

☞ The *Press* says Lydia L. A. Verry of Salem, didn't attend the meeting of the Portland, Saco & Portsmouth railroad stockholders by proxy or intrust her interests to the "lords of creation." On the contrary she went in person, and when she got there she had something to say and she said it and it seemed pertinent. There is not the slightest evidence that she remarked to anybody after she sat down that she thought she should die, or that she betrayed any weakness whatever. She owned stock in the road and an important queston affecting her interests was under consideation, and she expressed her views, and why shouldn't she? But St. Paul said women shouldn't speak in meeting or take their bonnets off.

☞ The spelling mania has broken out in Clifton. A correspondent says the scholars were recently having a match there, when scholars from East Eddington came in for the purpose of spelling them down, but the tables were turned upon them, and they themselves were spelled down. A match was then arranged between the two towns and Clifton was again victorious. The words were put out by Prof. Sampson of E. Eddington High School, and Martin Laughlin of Clifton, acted as umpire. Miss Lucia Davis won the first prize, which was Webster's Unabridged, and her sister Helen the second, which was a four dollar dictionary.

☞ Although the ledges crop out and form the greater part of the surface of Marblehead, there are no finer gardens in New England than are found there. Wherever there is an accumulation of earth, the soil is remarkably rich and productive. Garden vegetables especially grow there in great perfection. About two hundred barrels of onions were raised this year at the town farm, and the soil is remarkably well adapted to the growth of this valuable vegetable. Mr. Gregary who has given to the world several valuable varieties of the squash, resides at Marblehead and we can well understand his success in gardening, since we have seen the richness of the soil.

☞ Hon. William Pitcher, elect representative to the legislature, from Belfast died quite suddenly, Tuesday morning, of typhoid fever, aged about 70 years. He was one of the most active and energetic business men, and his death will cause a void in business and social circles not easily filled. He was member of legislature last year, was mayor of Belfast in 1857-59, was a member of the city government at the time of his death, and had held many local offices of honor and trust.

☞ A T. Thompson for several years Assistant Treasurer of the Maine Central Railroad Company, has resigned, and accepted the position of Auditor of the European and North American. He will remove to Bangor and enter upon his official duties Monday. He has the reputation of being one of the best accountants in the State, and is just such a man as every railway corporation needs.

☞ Mr. William P. Hubbard, Treasurer of the Maine State Agricultural Society, has paid all parties and expenses of the late State Fair at Portland, with the exception of the premiums, which will be paid within a few days. The Treasurer finds that the estimated loss by the fair, $3,000, stated immediately after the close of the exhibition, proved very nearly correct.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the Camp Fire to be held by H. F. Safford Post, at Dexter, on Friday evening of this week, and regret that our duties are such that we cannot go. We have no doubt the boys will have a good time.

☞ A Rockland special to the Press, says the body of the man recently washed ashore at Owl's Head, proves to be Joseph W. Hyon, who belonged in Barbadoes. He was formerly a resident of Oldtown. Hyon left the schooner Abraham Richardson at Mt. Desert and started in a small boat with the intention of going to Portland.

☞ Tuesday afternoon Joseph Beauregard, thirteen years old, son of S. Beauregard of Biddeford, was shockingly and it is feared fatally injured. A steam fire engine was being tried, when the hose broke from confinement, the nozzle striking the boy on the head and face, smashing in the skull, battering the nose, etc.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. The Senior exhibition of Colby takes place Nov. 17th, and the fall term closes on the 24th inst.——A base and dastardly attempt was made Thursday night, to destroy Winthrop village by fire. About half-past three, Friday morning, fire was discovered in a narrow alley-way about a foot wide, between Col. Wing's and H. E. Morton's shop, on the south side of Main street. Mr. Blake, a law student, by the merest chance, discovered the fire before it had made sufficient progress to be beyond control.——William Stinchfield and F. and B. Pierce, of Vienna, have been detected in stealing sheep, and Pierce confesses to robbing poultry roosts. Stinchfield has been committed to jail in default of $1000 bail.——The new town hall in Waterville will be opened to the public Monday evening the 15th, by Mrs. Scott Siddons, who will give one of her celebrated readings.——Mr. Charles K. Besse, of Vienna, sends the *Journal* a pig's tongue, which has a buckle slipped upon it about one-third of the length of it, and which has evidently been there since the pig was three months old. It has prevented the increase of size, of the tongue at that point, so that it is two-thirds cut off, yet the tongue except at this point, is of the usual size of a 375 pound hog.——The foundation of the Waterville Soldiers' Monument is on the ground.——A Lodge of Good Templars was instituted at Riverside, on Saturday evening last, by Rev. O. M. Cousens, consisting of thirty charter members. The principal officers are: H. H. Robbins, W. C. T.; Mrs. Harriet Lee, W. V. T.; Mrs. Abbie Sawtelle, W. Sec.; Isaiah Robbins, W. Treas.; J. P. Clarke, Dep. G. W. C. T. Wednesday will be the regular evening of meeting.——Abijah Tripp, who has figured before the Municipal Court in Boston, was recently committed to jail in Augusta, as a vagabond. He had a fresh bullet wound in his leg, but would give no account of how he got it. He has been taken to the Gardiner alms house.——The Waterville *Mail* says that a passenger car, fresh from the paint shop, took fire on the track at the depot, a few mornings ago, and was damaged to the amount of $500 or $600. A fire had been built in it, and some unauthorized person must have gone in and disturbed the draft.——Mr. Charles Osborn has been appointed Clerk of the Vassalboro' Manufacturing Company, by Mr. White, the new Superintendent. Mr. Osborn filled this position to great acceptance several years ago, when Col. Lang had charge of the Company's mill.——The free chapel of the Methodist church, Readfield corner, will be dedicated to the worship of God on Wednesday, Nov. 17th at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. Dedicatory sermon by Rev. C. C. Mason. Friends and brethren in the ministry are invited to be present.——Business at North Vassalboro' is reviving. The woolen mill is running night and day to fill orders. Twenty-two looms were running Saturday night up to ten o'clock. The orders that they are now filling are mostly for soft beavers.——David Smiley, a gentleman well known on the Kennebec river, died at his residence in Windsor, November 7th, aged eighty-nine years. He leaves a wife eighty-six years of age; three of his eight children, twenty of the twenty-five grand children and fifteen of the twenty-four great grand children survive him.——We learn that Mr. John H. York, formerly of Brunswick, has established himself in the tailoring business in Winthrop, and that his prospects of a good trade are flattering.——The *Mail* says that Mrs. Edwin Noyes and Mrs. Dr. Boutelle, have presented the Baptist Sunday School at Waterville with a small piano.——About one o'clock Monday morning, the Colby University Gymnasium was discovered to be on fire and was burned down. It was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. The loss on the building is about $2,000, and there is no insurance.

TUFTS VERSUS BATES. Saturday forenoon a match game of football took place at Lewiston between the second eleven of Tufts College, and the Bates eleven. Tufts had the first kick off, and after vigorous kicking got a "touchdown." Changing sides Bates had the kick off, and claimed a "touchdown" by foul, but the referee decided in favor of Tufts. Tufts had the next kick off and gained a goal. Thirteen minutes then remained, which were improved without decided advantage to either side, and Tufts was declared the winner. Cheers were exchanged.

Bates had two men injured; Tufts one. The Tufts boys won two "touchdowns," and a goal.

The match was a novelty, and many spectators were present.

☞ At Biddeford Saturday, Deputy Sheriff Hanson arrested Thomas Cushman and secured a large quantity of stolen property—a gold watch, bracelets, rings, hose, pistol, gold leaf, wrenches, hammers, etc. Part of the property has been identified by Hanson & Whitten, whose carriage factory was robbed and set on fire a month ago. Cushman is now snpposed to have been the incendiary.

A part of the property recovered is supposed to have belonged to visitors at Old Orchard the past summer, as Cushman worked at the Old Orchard House at the time of the great fire. He is about 18 years old, and has been for some time suspected of the theft.

☞ The News says that Mr. H. O. Stanley made a flying visit to Bridgton, Harrison and Naples one day last week, to make arrangements for taking fresh water salmon from Bear Brook, for their eggs, 800,000 of which are required this season, the high water on Songo and Crooked rivers rendering it impossible to supply the demand from that source. The old fish are all to be turned back alive, except the best pair, which are ordered by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, who proposes to take casts from them and put them in color, for the Centennial, where the fishes of Maine are expected to form an attractive feature.

☞ Mr. John H. Moulton, aged about 50, who was at work on Samuel Newell's store as a carpenter, while standing on the staging built of two plank in width next to the building with a board back of the two plank, stepped one foot from the plank on to the board which readily bent, threw him off his balance and caused him to fall backwards 22 feet, striking the ground between two large split stone. He spoke after the fall, saying to a man who stood near, "help me up," made an effort to rise, gasped twice and died. He leaves a wife and two children. He was a worthy citizen and will be much lamented.

☞ Samuel Larrabee, Esq., for several years the financial man in the State east of the Kennebec, died at his residence in Bangor, Monday, after a long and weary illness. In the early part of 1859, Mr. Larrabee, chiefly through his own endeavors, established the Mercantile Bank, the presidency of which he held from its organization to his death. He was the possessor of large tracts of timber land, bank stock, business blocks, &c., and was also owner of parts of more than fifty vessels. His wealth was estimated at be between two and three million dollars.

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION. For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston has been published, It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

☞ The jewelry thieves to which we referred last week were arrested in Boston and brought to Portland. A part of the goods were recovered.

A ROMANCE. The Portland *Advertiser* has quite a romantic story in regard to a Rodman family. The family consisted of husband (John), wife and two children, Charles and Mary. They were burned out at the time of the great fire in Portland in 1866, after which they moved to Harlem, New York. Soon after going there Mr. Rodman had a chance to go to Valparaiso. He left his family with his brother when he started and for some time he sent money to them, but at last the letters ceased to come, and the brother having died, Mrs. Rodman with her two children returned to Portland, and supported them with her needle. Some time about 1871 Charlie went to sea, and the vessel was lost, and it was supposed that he would never be heard from. Some time ago Mrs. Rodman saw an advertisement in the New York *Herald*, stating that if Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of John Rodman of Portland, Me., would address certain New York lawyers, she would hear of something to her advantage. She at once started for New York with her daughter, and learned there that her husband had become very wealthy, and was soon to arrive in New Orleans. He had not received a letter from her for a long time before he ceased to write, and supposed she was dead, but inserted the advertisement to see what he could hear. The mother and daughter at once started for New Orleans, where they arrived a few days before the vessel which was to bring the absent husband and father. One day while on the street they were insulted by a young man, who was promptly knocked down by a young sailor, who proved to be none other than Charlie Rodman, who was saved from the vessel which was lost. On the arrival of Mr. Rodman the family were once more united.

☞ We have the sequel to the account of the disappearance of Carrie Collins from Lewiston which we gave last week. The *Press* says that, upon complaint of residents in the vicinity of Grove street, Portland, Marshal Parker and Deputy Williams visited a house on Grove street, occupied by a man named Angel, the charge being that it was a resort of lewd people. The Marshal investigated the matter, and upon the man's promising to leave the place, no arrests were made. Thursday a photograph of the missing girl was received at the police station, and from what the officers saw when at the house on Grove street, they went directly to the place and arrested the girl. She is reported to relate a terrible story. She was induced to come to Portland by another woman and went with her to Angel's place, where she had been about two weeks.

☞ The New York *Times* calls for the adoption in that State of a law restricting municipal indebtedness, like that passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts last winter. It says the bonded indebtedness of New York and Brooklyn, not to mention other cities throughout the State, has reached a point beyond which no advance should be permitted. The debt of the former city is more than ten per cent. of the assessed valuation of real and personal estate throughout the city, and one-third of the entire proceeds of the taxation of next year will be devoted to the payment of interest and the redemption of installments of the debt which fall due in 1876.

The Massachusetts law or something similar should be enacted in Maine, as a check to the disposition almost everywhere, manifested to roll up municipal indebtedness.

THE FIRE FIEND. A despatch from Omaha of the 6th inst. says a prairie fire was raging in the neighborhood of Captain Pollock's camp in the foot of the hills on the North Laramie. The fire commenced near the head of Beaver Creek, and burned entirely around his camp, depriving him of all chance to cut hay or graze. The grass on both sides of the road all the way to Fort Laramie was burned off, also on the road to Red Cloud as far as Buffalo Gap. The fire was still burning in the direction of Spring Castle.

There was a disastrous conflagration at Whitehall, N. Y., Monday, which destroyed the Lake House, Yules House, and a large number of other buildings. Loss heavy.

☞ The Machias Republican says that Last Sunday night there was a drunken row at a house near the upper mills, in which James Quinn, a single man, received a terrible blow on the head with a club or some such weapon, laying bare the bone, and giving the brain such a shock as to deprive him of consciousness for some time, and for several days he lay in a critical condition. Two colored men, Alonzo Henry and Geo. T. Atus of that town were the perpetrators of the outrage. Sheriff Smith procured warrant for them Monday morning, but their whereabouts were not then known.

☞ The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation, which is spoken of as a model of conciseness and is praised for the purity of its English, is not entirely faultless. We refer to the word "avocation," which is improperly-used for "vocation." The former word applies to the minor duties of life, which sometimes call a man from his ordinary or principal business. A man's vocation may be the practice of law, but he may be an amateur farmer; by the employment of this word he is called upon to abstain from farming, but is not required to abstain from the practice of law on that day.

☞ The Belfast Journal says that Vesta H. and Leonard P. Dickey of Searsmont, were divorced at the late term of the Waldo S. J. Court. The plaintiff was a young and prepossessing girl of 18 years, and was married at 15. Her story was one of cruelty,—beaten and sent into closets on numerous occasions by her husband. Once at a neighbor's house, in company with young people in a fit of jealousy, he seized and cut from her head with a knife a long braid of hair. She had a number of witnesses who were not examined, the judge thinking her own story sufficient.

THORNDIKE.—The Journal says that John Gordon, father of John True, died at his home in Thorndike on Tuesday, 26th inst., aged 74 years. His health had been failing for some time. His terrible mental suffering had broken down his health to such an extent that he could not leave the house, and fever soon terminated his existence. He often remarked that he had no desire to live. His widowed companion and two sons are all that survive of a once numerous family. His funeral services were attended on Thursday by the Methodist pastor at Unity.

OCEAN DISASTER. The steamship Pacific foundered between Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, Thursday evening, and only one of the crew was saved, who was found floating on part of the pilot house. He is too low to give full particulars. He states that he was in a boat, which swamped, and with another man succeeded in reaching a part of the pilot house. The other man subsequently died of exposure and was cut loose by him. The passengers and crew numbered about 200, and were mostly from Victoria and Puget Sound.

A DISHONEST BRAKEMAN. A brakeman on the Maine Central Railroad, named Perry, residing in Skowhegan, was arrested and held in $500 bonds, at that place, Tuesday, for stealing freight, large quantities being found on his premises. Other parties are said to be implicated.

☞ Mr. F. S. Chandler, formerly of the Chandler House, Bethel, has taken the Central House, Auburn, and re-opened the house to the public. Mr. C. has had much experience as a landlord, and will undoubtedly make this house a favorite public resort.

☞ The excitement over the unburied bones of the unfortunate Joseph Guibord rose to fever heat in Montreal, Thursday, when the police force gathered on parade at the Central station in preparation for the long postponed funeral. It soon became known, however, that the corpse was to remain above ground for a few more days, and the crowd, which had anticipated a "wake," gradually broke up and left the streets of the city in their normal condition.

A dispatch says the police have been furnished with 100 breach loading rifles, to be used if necessary at the burial when it takes place. Saturday another pastoral letter from Bishop Bourget was read in all the Catholic churches, going into such explanation, as before, regarding the sacredness of a consecrated cemetery, and to preserve its sanctity the Guibord burial lot would be forever cursed. The Bishop concluded by counselling the greatest forbearance on the part of the people at the approaching burial. On no account were they to interfere. He warned them not to attend the funeral.

☞ Several students of Dartmouth College were arrested at Hanover, N. H., Friday, which caused considerable excitement. It seems that on Friday and Saturday the students attended an auction sale of books at the store of J. B. Parker, and as he claims broke windows, furniture, etc., and assaulted himself and clerk—and Parker obtained indictments against ten of the number. On Monday night Sheriff Tabor of Hanover called at the rooms of the students at one o'clock and arrested them. They were locked up till morning, when they were brought to Plymouth for trial. About 400 of the students accompanied the coach containing the "convicts" to the station, cheering and screeching all the way. Mr. Parker the plaintiff, reached the depot soon after, intending to take the train for Plymouth, but the boys hustled him into the depot, shoved him into the ticket office and locked the door, keeping him there until after the train left. It is said they threw a dog through the window to keep him company. Parker has telegraphed Solicitor Putnam that he will be there in the evening. The boys deny the charges in the indictments and have retained counsel to defend them, and a good deal of fun is expected at the trial.

DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE. David Robinson of Kokomo, Ind., bought a new suit of clothes and a revolver Wednesday, week, went home, showed the purchase to his family and ate his supper. He appeared in good humor and perfectly sane. He remarked to his wife that it would have been well if little Dan, his son, had died two weeks ago, and said he had attempted to kill the child. He then drew the revolver and fired at his second son, who was lying in bed, and then turned and shot at his wife. Mrs. Robinson ran out of the house, and the oldest boy, eight years of age, started to follow, when his father shot him in the face, but the ball glanced off without hurting him badly. Robinson then deliberately took a razor, approached the bed in which lay his only daughter, and cut her throat from ear to ear. He followed this murder by taking the life of the son whom he had first shot in bed, in the same manner, after which he got on his horse and fled. His dead body was found Thursday morning one mile north of Jackson station. It is supposed he committed suicide.

☞ On Friday the name of Mrs. Emma C. Moulton, wife of Frank D. Moulton, was stricken from the roll of members of Beecher's church, by vote, because of continued absence. She and her counsel were present and protested against the proceeding, she claiming that she absented herself on account of her knowledge that Beecher had committed a grave offence. In this connection the rumors are revived—that the committee appointed by the Congregational Ministerial Association, Drs. Storrs, Buddington and Scudder, are to reopen the Beecher scandal by a new investigation.

☞ The good people of Prince Edward Island take considerable pride in their young men, whom they consider average pretty well, but when they get hold of such a fellow as is thus told of by the Summerside *Progress*, they get right up and brag:

"The young man Chappell, O'Leary who fell from a haystack, and being run through the body by a pitchfork, was given up by the surgeons, is recovered and is walking about. A year or two ago while chopping in the woods a tree fell on him and pinned him to the ground for several hours, on which occassion he was fatally injured. Some time before he fell down the hatchway of a mill and was taken up for dead. Earlier he was thrown from a swing, and was supposed to be killed, and, it is said, he was once drowned. Chappell isa slight young man of nineteen or twenty years of age."

☞ The Herzegovinian rebellion is again assuming a grave aspect. The defeat of the Turks at Zubci, and the report of the Consular Commission that the Porte cannot restore order, attest the strength and vitality of the insurrection. The significant attitude of Russia calls forth from the London *Times* a declaration that England is not prepared to engage in armed intervention. It seems probable that Turkey will be obliged to grant to the disaffected province something more substantial than the promised reforms.

☞ The Maine cottons which were sold in England were 3,000 bales of fine brown goods made by the Continental mills at Lewiston. Messrs. H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York, bought the goods and sent them to their house in Manchester, where they were sold.

☞ Miss Cary has made a contract to sing in Vienna for two months after the conclusion of her Russian engagement from March 4th to May 4th of next spring. She will not return to this country before June. She has made an engagement with Strakosch for next year.

A SAD DEATH. A Bar Harbor correspondent of the *Whig* says that Miss Ida Allen of Hermonde, Miss., came to that place last July on a visit in company with her teacher. She was immediately taken sick, and her friends were telegraphed for. Shortly afterwards her mother arrived. After remaining in a critical condition for several weeks, and on the 16th of last month her father arrived, expecting to return to his home with his family; but being in a feeble state of health he was confined to his bed the day after he arrived, and after two weeks of great suffering, he died last Saturday. The daughter remains in a feeble condition, and with her mother is overwhelmed with sorrow.

☞ The London Morning Post of Oct. 22d, has a Berlin despatch of the 22d, which says the depression of trade is felt so keenly by the industrial classes that the government has been requested as a means of preventing acute distress, to resort to the measure successfully adopted in the last two wars, namely the establishment of loan banks. The government has not as yet shown much inclination to accede to the request. Serious distress is anticipated among the industrial working classes during the coming winter and apprehensions are also entertained of a crisis in financial circles.

☞ A statue of Stonewall Jackson, presented to the state of Virginia by several English gentlemen, was unveiled at Richmond last week. The introductory address was delivered by Gov. Kemper. The only child of Gen. Jackson, a girl 13 years of age was presented to the crowd and was received with tremendous cheers. The procession was an hour and a half passing a given point.

☞ The discovery of a subterranean forest just below the surface of the bed of the Thames river is attracting a good deal of attention in England. The oak, the alder and the willow were the principal trees found. They retain their vegetable character, but other signs show that the forest belongs to the period of the elk and the red deer in the south of England.

☞ The Press says that Mr. Joseph King of So. Paris, a gentleman nearly seventy years of age, was found dead in his bed, Tuesday morning. He retired the night previous in his usual health. He was a brother of Hon. Horatio King of Washington, D. C.

☞ During the last three months $6,752,536 in legal tenders have been deposited in Washington to secure the circulation of new national banks, and five millions and a half of greenbacks have been retired and burned.

Items of Maine News.

Ellsworth horses have the "epizoot."

East Machias has three million of sawed lumber piled up.

Chas. Whitten took a drove of some 80 head of cattle from Lovell, Thursday.

The bridge across the Androscoggin river at Lisbon is passable.

Dr. S. G. Stanley, an aged physician of Franklin, died suddenly Saturday morning.

The Turner House at Skowhegan, is offered for rent or sale.

Mr. George J. Varney of Brunswick, is to deliver several lectures in Skowhegan.

Elbridge G. Wakefield has been appointed Postmaster at East Lowell, Penobscot county.

The next session of Knox county lodge will be held on the 10th inst., with Independent Lodge No. 339, at So. Thomaston.

The first car on the Hoosac Tunnel through line arrived in Lewiston, Friday morning. It was loaded with flour.

The Whig reports the death of Eben French, one of the oldest and most respected citizens in Bangor.

Messrs. Johnson of Carmel, slaughtered a hog 18 months old which weighed when dressed, 706 1-2 pounds.

The Bridgton News is glad that Mrs. Secretary Robeson had her $1000 shawl stolen in Baltimore the other day.

The News says that William H. Larrabee of Bridgton village raised eighty bushels of ears of corn on half an acre.

Wm. J. Goodhue of Stockton, will probably lose the sight of both eyes by an accident while gunning.

The Wiscasset Oracle not only publishes births, marriages and deaths, but inserts divorces with the same head letter.

The house of Jerome Smith of Stowe, was burned on Friday last, about noon. Cause unknown. Insured for $600.

The body of a full grown infant was found in the woods Wednesday, week,

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2342; Sheep and Lambs 12,083; Swine 7,000. Number of Western Cattle 1825. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 675. Eastern Cattle 143.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $7 12@7 50; first quality $6 62@7 00; second quality $6 00@6 50; third quality $4 75@5 75; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c. $3 25@4 50.

BRIGHTON HIDES—7½c ₱ lb.; Brighton Tallow 7 @7½c ₱ lb.

COUNTRY HIDES—6@6½c ₱ lb.; Country Tallow 5½@6c ₱ lb.

CALF SKINS—14@15c ₱ lb. Sheep Skins 75@1 00c each. Lamb Skins 75@1 00c each.

On account of the light supply of Beef Cattle from the West prices upon all grades have advanced from from½c per lb over those of our last quoto ions. The trade has not been very lively, and there were but few lots of Cattle in market sold at our highest quotations, a few very extra Beeves selling at the highest quotations. The trade for Working Oxen has been very quiet. A part of the Western Cattle did not get in in time for the Tuesday market.

WORKING OXEN.—The supply in market for the week was not large, a few pairs being all required. From Maine there has been a fair supply of Workers We quote sales of 1 yr, girth 6 ft 6 in, $120 00; 1 pr, 6 ft 8in, $130; 1 pr, 6 ft, 9 in, $130. 1 pair, 6 ft 2 in, $115; 1 pr, 6 ft 3 in, $120; 1 pr, 5 ft, 10 in, $75; 1 pr, 7 ft 3 in, $220.

STORE CATTLE—Yearlings $11@16; two year olds $16@27; three year olds $25@45. Prices for small cattle depend much on their value for beef.

MILCH COWS.—Extra $55@65; ordinary $25@50; Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Good Cows sell well at fair prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—From the West there was a light supply, all owned by butchers, costing at Brighton 5½@6½c per lb. From the North supply was about the same of one week ago, prices ranging from 5½@6½ per lb.

SWINE—Store Pigs, wholesale 10@11c per lb; retail, 10½@12c. Fat Hogs, 7700 in market; prices 8½@9c per lb.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Nov. 10.

The demand for Wool has again been quite active, and manufacturers have been free purchasers at mill prices. There is considerable inquiry for fine fleeces, and stocks of this description are now passing into the hands of manufacturers quite rapidly.—Prices are quite low compared with previous years. The sales of California comprise 1,025,000 lbs at 20@34c for spring, and 15@22½c for fall; 450,000 lbs Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 45@48½ for X and XX, and 46@50c for medium and No. 1; 125lbs combing and delaine fleeces at 52½@52c for washed, and 39@44c for unwashed; 17,000 lbs Michigan fleeces at 45c; 85,000 lbs Western and other fleeces at 38@55c per lb; 200,000 lbs unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces at 22½@40c; 250,000 lbs super and X pulled at 37½@50c; 50,000 lbs scoured at 50@80c; 13,500 lbs noils at 42½@52, and 9000 lbs tub washed at 50@55c per lb. In foreign Wool no transactions. A recent import of Cape remains unsold. Carpet Wools are scarce, and would sell readily.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Nov. 10.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The demand for Flour is steady with a limited demand for all kinds; we quote Western superfine at $5 00@5 25; common extras at $5 40@5 50; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $6 50@7 75; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $6 50@7 50; Illinois at $6 75@7 75; St. Louis at $7 00@9 00 ₱ bbl. Southern Flour is steady at $5 50@9 00 ₱ bbl. for common extras and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $8 50@9 50 ₱ bbl. Corn is quiet at 78@82c ₱ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are dull at 47½@50c ₱ bush. for mixed and white. Rye 95@100 ₱ bush. Shorts, Fine Feed and Middlings at $22@30 00 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is steady; sales at $16 00@17 00 for prime; $23 00@25 50 for mess $27 00@28 00 ₱ bbl. for clear. Beef ranges from $10 00@12 00 mess and extra mess, and $16 50@17 00 ₱ bbl. for family. Lard 14½@16c ₱ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 15@15½c ₱ lb. Butter sells at 29@38c ₱ lb. and Cheese from 10@13c ₱ lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE.—White Beans are dull. We quote sales of good medimms at $1 75; Pea at $2@2 25; and Yellow Eyes at $2 25 per bush. Potatoes have been in good demand, with sales at 50@55c per bush for Early Rose and Jack on Whites. Sweet Potatoes are selling at $2 25@2 50 per bbl. and Onions at $2 per bbl. Poultry has been in fair demand at 18@25c per lb, as to quality, and choice Turkeys and Chickens are scarce.

HAY.—There has been a fair demand, with sales of choice at $21@22 per ton, and fine and medium grades at $17@20 per ton. Straw has been selling at $24@25 per ton for Rye, and is scarce.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.

COTTON—Sales 1676 bales—middling uplands $14½.

FLOUR—Sales —,300 bbls.—State $5 00@6 25; Round Hoop Ohio, $5 60@7 50; Western $6 30@7 35; South ern $6 90@9 00.

WHEAT—Sales 000,000 bush. No. 2 Milwaukie, $1 31@1 32; No. 1, $1 35@1 37; No. 1, Chicago, $1 30@1 30 No. 2, $1 27@1 28; No. 2 Milwaukie, $1 00; No. 3, $1 00@1 00 Winter Red, $1 21@1 34; Amber, $1 25@1 28; No. in Iowa, $1 29@1 36; White Michigan, $1 38@1 50; Winter Western, $1 26@1 37.

CORN—Sales 000,000 bushels. Western 74@75½.

OATS—Sales (0,000 bushels—Western 46@52.

PORK—Sales 1200 bbls. New Mess, $25 00@23 00

LARD—Steam, 13½@13¾c; Kettle, 14c.

SUGAR—Refining, 7½@7¾; Porto Rico, @7¼; Cuba, —@7; Havana White, 9¼@9¾.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.

Gold opened at 114¾ and closed at 114¾.

Money was easy at 3½ per cent. on call.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881 122½; 5.20's 1862, —; 1864, 111½; 1865, 115½; 1865 (January and July), 115½; 1865, (new) 115½; 1867, 114½; 1868, 111¾; New 5's, 115¼; 10.40's (coupons), 116½; Currency, 123½.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, Nov. 11.

APPLES—Fair cooking apples, and also choice fruit are in good supply—the former at 50@60c per bu; the latter at 75c @$1 00.

BUTTER—Market well supplied at 25@30c.

BEANS—Are still quote Pea at $2@2 25, and Yellow Eyes at $2 50 per bu. although the market here will hardly bear it, and none are being shipped at this season

CHEESE—New domestic and factory 12@14c.

FLOUR—Superfine to common extra $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 50; St. Louis favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—Corn 90@95; Oats 55 cts.; Barley, 80@1 00.

HAY—But little lose in market, although sales are being made of choice early cut at $13@14 per ton.

HONEY—Choice box honey 30@35c. per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides, 6c; calf skins, 12@14; lamb skins 50@75c.

LIME—$1 35@1 35 ₱ cask.

MEAL—Corn 85@90; rye $1 75 ₱ bushel.

PRODUCE—New potatoes, 50 cts per bushel; eggs 60c doz; lard 15@17c.

SHORTS—$1.75 per 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, $28@30, ₱ 200 lbs; beef ₱ side 8@10c; round hop ₱ 100 lbs, ham 14@16c; turkeys 17@20c; veals 7@8c; mutton 7@8c; spring lambs 8@10c; fowls, 10@12; geese 15c; spring chickens, 15@20.

WOOL.—Dull and but little doing. Sales slow at 25@40c.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $4 ₱ cord.

NOTE. The above quotations have been carefully corrected to date, although but few changes or variation are noted. Just now our market is very fairly supplied with all kinds of country produce, and the variation from week to week are slight. If any quotations were to be stated to the above list it would be that poultry of all kinds is somewhat scarce, and eggs in demand at our quotations given above.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10.

APPLES—are selling at $3.00@4.50 ₱ bbl. Dried 9@12

BUTTER.—Selling at 30@35c for family. Store, from 25@30c ₱ lb

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 25@2 62; yellow eyes, $2 00@2 25.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 13½@14c ₱ lb; Vermont and New York Dairy, 13@14.

FISH—We quote large shore $5 25@5 50; large bank $5 00@5 50; small $4 00@4 50; pollock $3 50@4 25; hake $2 25@2 50 ₱ qtl; herring $4 00@5 00 ₱ bbl; scaled, ₱ box, 33@37c; mackerel ₱ bbl—Bay No. 3 to No. 1, $11 @12; Shore Nos. 1 and 2, $15@23.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, $5 75@6 00; Spring X and XX, $6 50@8 00; Michigan Winter X and XX, $7 75@9 00; Illinois X and XX, $7 25@9 00; St. Louis X and XX, $7 75@10 00.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at 79c—and yellow 80c. Oats are worth 50@56c, fine feed at $35 ₱ ton, and shorts at $25 00 ₱ ton.

HAY—Loose, $12 00@14 00 ₱ ton for prime. Pressed selling at $15 00@17 00. Baled Straw $10@12 ₱ ton for prime.

LARD—₱ Tierce, 15½@15¾ ₱; per keg 15½@16c; pail 16@16c.

PLASTER—White, ₱ ton, $3 00; blue $2 75; ground in bbls $8 00@9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75@3 00.

PRODUCE—We quote beef side at 9@13c; veal 8@10; mutton 12@13c; chickens 15@18c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 28@30c; potatoes 45@50c ₱ bush; onions $2 .5@3 00 ₱ bbl. Round hogs, 8@9.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, $12 00@13 50; plate $15 00; extra plate $16 25@17 75 pork backs, $28 50@29 00; clear, $28 50@29 00; mess $24 00@25 00. Hams 14@16c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $2 00@2,12½ bush; Pea Beans $2 00@2 00.

BUTTER—Is worth from 25@28c ₱ lb, best quality a trifle higher.

EGGS—Selling at 28@30c ₱ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at $10 00@15 00 ₱ ton Pressed $13@17.00.

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 50@55c ₱ bush; corn $0 00@85 ₱ bush.

POTATOES—40@43 per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 7&8c ₱ lb; round hogs 10½@11c; mutton 6@8c; lamb 12@c; chickens, 12@16c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Lamb pelts 75@1 25 cents each. Hides 5@5½c ₱ lb. Veal skins 12@c ₱ lb.

WOOL—Selling dull at 30@40c per lb.

HIS REVENGE IF HE DIED FOR IT.—Lewis Darby and Charles Blackney, two boys of fifteen, were twelve years ago at school together in Towanda, Cattaraugus county, New York. They had a fight, and Blackney whipped. Darby felt his disgrace keenly, and swore he would be even with Blackney if he had to wait twenty years.—The boys grew to be men, and both entered into business in their native village. Darby became a successful dealer and speculator in real estate, and Blackney became a lawyer and a democratic politician of local prominence. He had forgotten his victory over Darby, who had since met him cordially and had never alluded to it. Last Wednesday Darby called on Blackney and desired him to serve papers in his behalf the following day upon parties in Hidi, a mile from Towanda. Blackney started on Darby's errand at the time desired, but was not again seen until his body, riddled by four bullet-holes and badly beaten by a bloody club lying near, was found in a lonely spot upon the Hidi road. Shortly after Darby's body was found at his residence with the throat cut and a razor still in the hand.

☞The granite monument ordered by Congress at a cost of $10,000, to be erected to the memory of 11,700 unknown dead at Salisbury, N. C., has been completed, and will be set up in a short time. It is an obelisk, about forty feet high, including the base. A wreath surmounts the top, and on the face, inclosed in a circle denoting immortality, are the words, "Pro Patria." Beneath, in raised characters upon a draped pall, are the figures 11,700, denoting the number of unknown soldiers buried there.

☞The astonishing number of 3,640,797 letters found their way to the dead letter office during the last fiscal year, and the total amount of drafts, checks, and money contained in them amounted to about $3,500,000. All but about $400,000 of this amount was returned to the parties to whom it belonged.

A SISTER'S PERJURY. Moses S. Wheeler was pardoned by Governor Gaston on Saturday. He was convicted of arson eight years ago, on the testimony of his sister and of her husband, who accused him of setting fire to a shed at Brighton. He says they waked him and called his attention to the fire, and he had nothing to do with the fire but to put it out. His sister died two years after his conviction, and during her last illness confessed her perjury, but the confession was not properly attested, and the prisoner languished in jail for six years longer. He accounts for his sister's perjury as follows:

"When my brother and myself were at Bermuda Hundreds, he came to me one day and remarked that as we were fighting nearly every day, it was not impossible that he might be killed in battle. I tried to cheer him up and made light of his apprehensions; but he evidently thought he should be shot. He told me that in case he fell, he wished our mother to have what money he had saved up at home, about $700, and that I must see to it that she did have it. This I promised to do, should I be spared. True to his presentment my brother was killed, and during those battles. When I came home, I found my relations, the Goldings, in possession of a letter, purporting to come from my dead brother, in which he devised all his property to a sister. I knew that letter was dated three days after my brother was killed, and I know it to have been a forgery. My brother had other property, real estate, and I as an heir, would not sign off my claim in it. For this reason, and for no other, I believe my sister was made to swear against me, and I have suffered all these years."

BURNING OF A STEAMSHIP. A Galveston special of the 9th, to the Mechanics' Exchange, says that the steamer City of Waco, bound from New York to Galveston via Key West, anchored with a fleet outside the bar on the 8th inst., caught fire at one o'clock Monday morning, a strong northeast wind blowing at the time. At 3 a. m., the passengers, officers and crew took to open boats, and were last seen bearing down the coast, westerly. Steam tugs are cruising for them and carriages have been sent down the beach.

Up to this time there has been no reliable intelligence from the boats, and it is feared that passengers and crew are lost.

There is no reliable information to be obtained as to origin of the fire. There was a heavy shower of rain early in the night, with occasional lightning. Some think that the ship was struck by lightning, and having considerable quantity of oil on board, the flames could not be extinguished.

The vessel was valued at $150,000 and partially insured in New York and Europe. She was three quarters full of freight, which was general merchandise, and was valued at $100,000. She was built in 1873, at Chester, Penn.

☞The indictments against the distillers, rectifyers and gaugers of Chicago, charge the grossest frauds in evading the whiskey tax against the firm of Koefler, Junker & Co. There are four indictments, which charge that the firm has defrauded the Goverment at various times out of taxes on liquors amounting to about 2,444,000 gallons. The frauds have all occurred within a year. Golson, Eastman & Co., are charged with evading taxes by cancelling stamps and other means thus defrauding the Government of a tax on 42,000 gallons. Ford, Oilver and Connor are charged with evading taxes on 34,000 gallons, and Miller & Fredericks taxes on 16,000. The means employed were various, but seemed well understood among all dealers and manufacturers. It is affirmed that overwhelming proof is in possession of the Grand Jury of the truth of their charge, and the cases will be prosecuted with the greatest severity.

☞As W. P. Smythe, one of the reporters of the Evening Dispatch, stepped out of the Criminal Court room ot St. Louis, Saturday, he was severely assaulted by Presley N. Jones of the law firm of Turner & Jones, knocked down and severely beaten. Smythe managed to regain his feet in a few minutes and drew a pistol to defend himself, when a police officer arrived and disarmed him, arresting both Jones and Turner, and they were confined in the calaboose. Subsequently a warrant charging them with an assault to kill was sworn out against them, and they were sent to jail. The attack which was totally unexpected and brutal in character, grew out of the mention in the Dispatch a few days ago of the arrest of Jones for drunkenness and some unprofessional conduct on the part of the firm.

☞The statue of William Penn which is to surmount the public buildings in Philadelphia, represents him as he was at the age of about thirty-eight, the face taken from the original painting presented to the Historical Society of Pensylvania by his grandson. Granville Penn, and the figure corresponding to Dixon's description: Erect in stature, every motion indicating honest pride; in every limb and feature the expression of a serene and manly beauty. The costume, about which there has been some conflict, was finally settled by a committee of the Historical Society, upon the report of Mr. George Harrison Fisher. and is to be the same as was in vogue during the last years of the reign of Charles II., the date of Penn's first visit to this country.

☞No less than nine of the States which took part in the Rebellion, are in default on the aggregate amount of the discredited debt reaching about $158,000,000. The market price of the bonds ranges from 68 in the case of Virginia down to 10 in the case of one issue of Louisiana bonds, to 5 on one issue of South Carolina bond, and even to 3 in the most questionable issue of North Carolina bonds. The bonds have been issued, for the most part, since the Rebellion, under circumstances not creditable to those concerned in the administration of the public finances.

☞The increase in the amount of salaries paid to postmasters during the last fiscal year is $931,000, or 15 per centum of the entire amount paid. This increase is attributed to the law which provides that the salaries of postmasters shall be computated according to the amount of business transacted. The bad effects of this law have been observed in the cases were practically fraudulent sales of stamps have been made in order to increase salaries. While this law has increased postmasters' salaries about 15 per centum, it has added only about-thirteen hundreds of one per centum to the revenue. The estimates for postmasters' salaries for the fiscal year are $7,500,000.

☞By a combination of four great trunk lines of railroad to the west, freights are likely to be advanced to an unusually high rate as soon as lake navigation closes. The railroads seem to regard the interests of the people as a legitimate object for their rapacity. In view of the prospective high rates of freight, wheat has been coming forward by lake and canal very rapidly of late. The average daily receipts of wheat at Chicago for some time has been 150,000 bushels, and at Milwaukee 175,000. Some days last week the receipts were as high as 300,000 bushels at Chicago and 350,000 at Milwaukee. The advance in freights will be a heavy blow to the business interests of the country.

☞The colossal statue to be erected in New York harbor next year, as a memorial of the ancient friendship between America and France, will be in copper, thirty-three metres. The first model has been made and adopted, and the work is going forward under the personal direction of the celebrated French sculptor, Auguste Bartholdi. The pedestal, decorated with allegories about the history of the United States, will be about eighty feet in height. The whole monument from the ground to the summit will attain 300 feet.

☞Friday forenoon incendiary fires took place on Riford Brook in Braintree, Vt. Seven buildings, consisting of farm houses and barns, together with most of their contents, were consumed, These houses were situated seventy-five rods or more apart, and how they were fired one after another at that hour in the forenoon, without the discovery of the incendiary, is a great mystery. Loss about $5,000; partly insured.

☞In reply to a delegation of clergymen who visited President Grant to protest against the abandonment of the peace policy toward the Indians, the President said that he did not regard the peace policy a failure, and that it not only will not be abandoned while he is President, but that it is his hope that during his administration it will become so firmly established as to be the necessary policy of his successor.

☞Concord, N. H. was thrown into excitement Saturday by the arrest of Charles J. Conner for the alleged crime of setting fire to his store on Main street, in Concord on Thursday night, last. Mr. Connor is one of our most prominent citizens, and is a Deputy Sheriff for Merrimack county. He formerly lived at Tilton, and is widely known as a business man.

☞Samuel T. Abbott, of Ossipee, N. H., killed his wife last week, and attempted suicide but was cut down in time. He was arrested and carried to the Court House. He confessed the deed, and says he was provoked, and in his anger committed the homicide. He has several children from 10 to 16 years old.

☞A short time previous to the indictment of Le Page he was visited by Mr. Fowler of Pembroke, chairman of the selectmen, and his young son, who identified him as a man who had worked for him threshing a short time before the murder of the Langmaid girl. When Le Page was in the house at tea, a daughter of Mr. Fowler came in and was observed by Le Page. After tea, while hitching up the horse to go to the village, Mr. Fowler's son was asked by the Frenchman who the girl was, and on answering that she was his sister, the boy was asked where she came from. The answer was "from school," and the academy on a distant elevation was pointed out. The boy and the Frenchman started toward the village together, and on reaching the point where the two roads branch off the Frenchman inquired which one the scholars took in going to the academy, and was told the new one. The bushes along the road are very thick, and scholars in passing had been in the habit of springing out to frighten each other. Shortly after his talk with the Frenchman, as young Fowler was going to school one day, he caught sight of some one in the bushes, and shouted out that he could not frighten him. On the day of the murder Miss Fowler, just before entering the woods waited for Josie Langmaid to come along, but a neighbor coming along in a carriage she concluded that Josie had preceded her, got in and rode to school, thus probably saving her life. It was probably not ten minutes after this that the murder was committed. Lepage was identified by the Fowler boy as the Frenchman who worked for his father and talked with him.

A SENSIBLE DOCTOR. A physician says there is nothing more absurd than to pretend that it is unhealthy to sleep immediately after the day's last meal. Is not man an animal? Do not animals, without exception, sleep immediately after eating? Do we not feel like sleeping after each day's last meal? And is it not by an effort that we shake off sleep? Evidently the body yearns for sleep. Exercise immediately after every meal is pernicious. Rest is healthful. What rest can compare with sleep, which reposes the mind, the lungs, even the heart? See the peasants. No persons enjoy better health than they do. Supper is the best meal of their day. No sooner have they supped than they go to bed. Look at the actors. There was Rubini. He dined at three, went to his dressing-room in the Italian opera and slept till the theatre opened its doors. At midnight he supped heartily, and straight to bed he went. He died of sheer old age. You know Mons. Thiers' habit? The moment dinner ends he stretches himself out to sleep, and sleeps an hour. The truth is, if you look around you, there will be found that the great majority of men go to sleep immediately after making their best meal. You certainly never saw anywhere in the world healthier, stronger women than those of the great markets. What is their rule of life? Dinner and to bed. Take another, the very opposite class—astronomers. They keep late hours Their best meal is taken when the stars say "Good night." Then they go to sleep immediately after taking their best meal. They are right. They obey nature's voice, which always give judicious counsel.

☞The brig S. W. Spencer, of Boston, sailed from Navassa, a guano island in the West Indies, on the morning of the 12th, twenty-four hours after she sailed, the terrific hurricane commenced which did so much damage at Jacmel, Navassa, Jamaica and St. Jago, and it is feared that she was lost with all on board.

Her crew consisted of Captain Joseph Thomas of Tillsworth, Me., a highly respected shipmaster, aged about 60 years; John Albert Dewar, first mate, of Boston (formerly of Mt. Desert, Me.), aged about 48 years; Alfred R. Wilder, second mate, of Pembroke., aged about 45 years—all of whom leave families; J. Manuel Rodriguez, steward, of Western Islands; Wm. Broom, Chas. Broom, Peter Peterson, James Berry, A. Adams, seamen, all of whom shipped in New York.

The J. W. Spencer was a good brig of 315 tons register, built at Machias in 1860, but was rebuilt at Boston in 1874. She was owned in Boston by John S. Emery & Co. and others and was valued at $12,000 and insured for about one-third her value.

When the Spencer sailed she left at the Island brig Toronto, schooners Moses Patten and Nettie Chase, all of which put to sea during the hurricane, and none having been heard from except brig Toronto, which was seen drifting past Jamaica dismasted and abandoned a few days after the hurricane. The schooner Serenes, Capt. Jones, of Lubec, arrived here for Wilmington, N. C., sailed in company with the Spencer, and as it is now nearly two months since they sailed, it is doubtful if either of the five vessels or their crew will ever be heard from

☞The Duke of Portland is the most eccentric of noblemen. So far as society is concerned, he is dead to the world. He surrounds himself with an atmosphere of mystery, which no one, peer or commoner, is permitted to penetrate. Even his own solicitors, the managers of his enormous estates, are never allowed an interview. Five years ago the Duke's annual income was upward of £300,000, and since that time it has very considerably increased. His Grace has never been married, and has little or no faith in womankind. His ruling passion is architecture. He is forever putting up new structures on his estate, and constantly employs something like 1,500 workmen—masons, smiths, and joiners. The old Abbey of Waldeck, where he constantly resides, is approached by subterranean passages only. There are more than fifteen miles of tunelling leading to it. When the Duke appears in London it is under a hat of unusual height, and a long, old fashioned wig reaching to his shoulders. Wet or fine, he never sets out without an umbrella, and his trousers are invariably tied up below the knees with a piece of common twine. He never answers a letter, and, although a member of four London clubs—Boodle's, Brook's, the Traveller's, and White's—he never goes near them.

A MYSTERIOUS DOUBLE FATALITY. A St. Louis special to the Boston *Globe* reports the following terrible case:

The instant death of Dr. B. F. Sherman and Mr. Samuel Parker, Bevier, Mo., on Monday, was one of the most mysterious and horrible affairs ever known in this county. The two men left their home in Macon, Mo., on the morning and drove in a buggy to the neighboring town of Bevier. After ordering dinner they proposed to get a drink; as there were no saloons in Bevier they went to the drug store of Mr. Shanks and asked him—the only one present—for a drink. He replied that he had a temperance drink that he took himself. All three went into the next room, where Mr. Shanks produced a black bottle from which he drank and then handed it to the others. While the others were drinking, Mr. Shanks left the room to attend upon a customer. Before he was through, Dr. Sherman and Mr. Parker passed out and had not gone ten rods before they both fell down, and in a few minutes expired. The bottle was found to contain hydrocyanic acid and whiskey. No arrests have been made.

☞David Mason, the biographer of Milton, is anxious that something shall be done to save the old house of the poet in London from utter annihilation, or at least to keep in memory the spot where it has stood so long. It is now in a badly decayed condition in York street, Westminster, the first story being used for a cheap shop of some kind, and the upper stories for tenements. Milton lived in this house while Latin Secretary for the Commonwealth, and for the Lord Protector and his degenerate successor, Richard Cromwell; here his blindness came on; here he wrote some of his finest prose works, the best of his sonnets and the first part of "Paradise Lost." It would certainly seem as though the friends of literature in the great metropolis might do something to consecrate this spot to the memory of the gr.at epic poet of England.

☞Mr. Bancroft announces that he shall continue his "History of the United States" from the close of the revolutionary war down to the present time. The continuation will embrace four volumes. The first volume, containing the period from the Peace of Paris in November 1782 to the inauguration of Washington in May, 1789, is nearly ready, and the other volumes will rapidly follow it. Mr. Bancroft recognizes in the history of the union five great epochs. The first extends from the inauguration of Washington to the consolidation of the union by the acquisition of Louisiana. The second, which he entitles "the vindication of the place of the United States among the powers of the world," reaches from 1803 to 1815. The third epoch, is described by the title "the States and the United States," and extends from 1815 to 1837. The fourth epoch, "the annexation of Texas and California," is from 1837 to 1845. The fifth epoch is "Succession and Union," from 1849 down to the present time.

☞A new Mormon prophet has arisen in the person of Walter M. Gibson, who was first educated for the Catholic priesthood, but became a Mormon, and was sent by Brigham Young to the Sandwich Islands. It was there he proclaimed a new revelation, and chose his twelve disciples from among the wealthiest and most intelligent natives. Brigham excommunicated him and by the efforts of his agents the faction has been checked, after a severe struggle.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, Nov. 5. The *Times* says it is understood that a majority of the members of the North American Boundary Commission will be selected to accompany the new commission which will shortly be sent to settle the boundary of Alaska.

London, Nov. 8. An accident occurred at the Ludgate Hill terminus of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway in this city this evening. Thirty persons were more or less injured.

France.

Paris, Nov. 4. One of the first acts of the Assembly, which met to-day, was the unanimous adoption of M. Buffet's motion to discuss the electoral bill on Monday next. The motion to raise the state of siege will be discussed between the second and third readings of the electoral bill.

Paris, Nov. 8. It now seems that M. Bardoux, Under Secretary of Justice, resigned because he was a partisan of the system of Scrutin de Liste, or voting by departments. Bardoux is a Conservative Republican and Deputy from the department of Puy de Dome.

Spain.

Madrid, Nov. 5. The *Diario Espagnol* says the Vatican has sent a note to Madrid which expresses approval of Simeonis' conduct regarding the circular. The note insists upon the execution of the Concordat, refuses to recognize the royal placet, attributes the civil war to religious tolerance, and demands that the Bishop of Urgel be tried by Ecclesiastical Judges and not by an ordinary tribunal.

Germany.

London, Nov. 8. A telegram from Berlin states that the Central Government for Alsace and Lorraine will be established at Berlin, and probably a special Ministry.

Berlin, Nov. 8. The leaders of the Ultramontane party have published a notice declaring that no authority has been given to negotiate for the settlement of the ecclesiastical question.

Emperor William, on receiving the President and Vice President of the Parliament to-day, laid stress on the eminently peaceful settlement of that question.

Turkey.

Constantinople, Nov. 5. General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador, had a long interview with the Sultan yesterday. He represented to him the mal-administration of the country, the discontent of the population, the dilapidation of the finances, and the consequent urgency of reform.

Vienna, Nov. 5. The *New Freie Presse* says that Ignatieff, the Russian Minister at Constantinople, had an interview with the Grand Vizier, in which he threatened an armed intervention of the great powers, if Turkish persecution of Christians continues.

London, Nov. 5. The *Daily News'* telegram from Alexandria says the inhabitants of Kaka on the White Nile have revolted and defeated the Egyptian troops, killing a hundred of them. The Government has despatched reinforcements.

India.

New York, Nov. 8. A letter from Sidney says the American Consul there forced the Australian authorities to return those seamen whom they illegally seized from the American barque.

London, Nov. 8. The *Evening Echoe's* telegram from Bombay says the Viceroy, the Admiral of the fleet, the Governor of Bombay and many distinguished natives have gone on board the Serapis, now in the harbor with the Prince of Wales on board, who will disembark this afternoon. The preparations for his reception on shore are immense. There will be a holiday all the week.

☞We have been told from St. Petersburg that the Grand Duke Alexis, son of Czar, is just divorced. His wife was a German maid of honor, for whom the Empress had a great affection. She was not pretty. I am told, but extraordinary graceful and possessed of that fascination which is a better gift than beauty. So the Grand Duke fell over head and ears in love, and the lady, confiding in her mistress' affection, undertook to break the news. It was done, and a few hours after, the lady found herself traveling at express speed towards the frontier, while the Prince received orders to join the ship. Thus they were separated for a while. But its hard to control a passion, harder to rule a sailor; and a sailor prince in love must be worse to hold than quicksilver. The Grand Duke ran away, of course, found the lady and married her at a village church in Germany. Thence they went to America, where for two years they dwelt in perfect happiness. The Czar, it is said, would not forgive, nor would the Prince humble himself. But the Empress interposed at length, both for her son and her ex-maid of honor. And so, after a time, a reconcilliation took place. This week the solemnities of divorce are all completed; the Grand Duke enters the army, and his widow receives a pension. Seeing she is but twenty-one, she has time for more romantic adventures, but greater she can scarcely hope for.—*London Daily News.*

A DRUNKEN CAPTAIN. The crew of the English ship Gilroy, which arrived in San Francisco from Glasgow on the 21st, have preferred extraordinary charges against their Captain. It is alleged that he was drunk for thirty days, and consumed all the wines and liquors on board the ship, taking them from the hospital after the cabin stores were exhausted. During his frenzy he perforated the doors and windows of his cabin by recklessly discharging his rifle, and he frequently beat and kicked his crew. For a month both sailors and officers were in constant terror on this account. The ship belonged to the Royal Navy Reserve, and the Captain will be tried by court martial on the English man-of-war now in San Francisco Bay.

☞The Supreme Court of the State of New York has decided that J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, have the sole right to use the words CHERRY PECTORAL for a medicine, and has issued an injunction against P. W. Bushton, of New York city, for selling Rushton's Cherry Pectoral or Cherry Pectoral Lozenges, or any other use of the name to deceive the public. This decision of the high court includes all dealers who sell any similar article.—*Port Jefferson (L. I.) Leader.*

From the Philadelphia Presbyterian.

From the World's Dispensary Printing Office and Bindery, Buffalo, N. Y., we have received "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in plain English; or, Medicine Simplified," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Counselor in-chief of the Board of Physicians and Surgeons at the World's Dispensary. Whoever helps a sufferer in his struggle with the inherent weakness and diseases, to *bear* or *cure*, is its benefactor. Ignorance is not only of itself a cause of disease and mortality, but it is the enemy of every effort to cure or mitigate. Nothing will so speedily remove this cause as knowledge (an elementary one at least) of the diseases to which we are heir, and the means superinduced by our own imprudence. Dr. Pierce has rendered, in our judgement, a benefactor's service, both to the afflicted and to the profession, in his diagnosis of diseases treated of, and in the presentation of the philosophic principles involved in their cause and removal. He is sparing of remedies, and usually prescribes such as are safe in unskilled hands. As a book merely of abstract knowledge, it is exceedingly readable and interesting, especially the following subjects:—Temperaments, Key to Human Temperaments, Pseudo-Hyriens, the Nursing of the Sick, Sleep, Food, Ventilation, etc. In one chapter on another subject, so delicate in its nature that it is shut up beyond the domain of warning to all but physicians, so accursed in its results in modern society, he is most explicit, and alike true to God, to virtue, to man, and to society, shows the truth as presented in the teachings of Scripture, —that life begins with conception—with great force, to which is added faithful warnings.

Price of the Medical Adviser $1.50, sent postpaid. Address the author at Buffalo, N. Y.

Special Notices.

Highly Important Letter from Frank O. Whitehouse, Esq., Augusta.

DR. LIGHTHILL: DEAR SIR—Some years since I took a severe cold, which produced a partial deafness. Various remedies were applied without effecting any beneficial results, but the difficulty gradually increased, until after the elapse of about three years I had become so hard of hearing that I was unable to distinguish any but very loud sounds. I was then placed under your treatment and very soon experienced relief. Since then I have had no return of the difficulty, and feel that I am indebted to you for the restoration of my hearing.

Respectfully yours,

FRANK O. WHITEHOUSE.

Augusta, Nov. 6th, 1875.

DR. LIGHTHILL is now at the Mansion House.

How to establish permanent health when the constitution is undermined by dropsy, kidney, bladder and glandular maladies, Bright's disease, retention and incontinence of urine, diabetes, gravel, affections of the urino-genital organs, female irregularities, pain in the back and loins, partake occasionally of *Hunt's Remedy*, and all the avenues of health will be restored to action.

How much pain and suffering might be avoided, how much time and money might be saved, if every man and woman knew exactly what to do in cases of Cuts, Bruises, Burns and Sores, which occur daily. The "Forest Tar Book" will give you the information you need on this subject. All the healing properties of Tar are found in the "Forest Tar Salve." There is no article which will relieve the pain and heal the wound so quickly. Keep it where you can put your hand on it at any moment. You will find the book at the druggists'.

In forty-eight hours a cough may become dangerous; but within that time any cough can be cured by the use of HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. For sale by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without. 1y30

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Poetry.

Domestic Diplomacy.

She was watching at the window,
As I hurried down the street,
In the simple brown merino
That I fancy looks so neat,
And her smile I thought portentous
It was so exceeding sweet.

Then she met me at the threshold
With a very loving kiss,
That recalled the early stages
Of our matrimonial bliss—
And I felt at once a tremor—
Was there anything amiss?

No! The children were all quiet,
And the hearth was very bright,
And my pet—our ruguish Charlie—
Was quite fastal in his white;
Yet I braced myself for something,
Be that something what it might.

My chair was near the fire,
And my slippers by its side—
My pipe was very handy,
And my papers open wide,
And she wore the pretty breastpin
That I gave her when a bride.

The dinner was perfection—
It was lavish without waste;
The soup was vermicelli,
And exactly to my taste:
While the dessert was a triumph
Of artistic skill in paste.

And when the meal was over,
And the inner man at rest,
She drew her chair beside me,
With the baby on her breast.
I felt, and so I told her,
I was one among the blest.

Oh! the smile of tender radiance
That illumined all her face,
As I clasped her to my bosom
In a lover's fond embrace,
It was then she softly whispered,
"Won't you let me have that lace?"

Our Story Teller.

IN MID AIR.

"You'll not get back to Chili that way, senor; not with a whole throat, that is. I'd sooner go from here across the Pampas, alone, in spite of the wild Indian horsemen and their fire-hardened spears, than I would try the smooth, broad pass of San Felipe, over the Cordilleras, here at hand. Five diligences and a carossas, rifled in nine days! And not a soldier to protect the road! The saints be good to us, for the Government of the Republic does little for us, here, to the West. Only, if I were you, Don Carlos Digby, I would not be in too great a hurry to make acquaintance with Diego and his band."

These were the facts of the case: I, the Charles Digby to whom my excellent friend Don Miguel Lopes, storekeeper and alcalde of the pretty town of San Juan, had addressed the above well-intended warning, was simply a young Englishman, who had been long enough in South America to be fluent in Spanish speech, and to have learned something of the peculiarities of the country: I was—being by profession an engineer—superintendent or manager of the Great Hermandad Silver mine, on the western or Chilian side of the southern chain of the Andes, and I had crossed the mountains to San Juan to arrange for the purchase and transport of provisions and stores.

But the homeward road had suddenly became dangerous and difficult. A band of robbers—headed by a noted leader, called Diego, who had once, I was told, been a captain in the army of the Banda Oriental, but had rebelled, or refused to join in a military pronunciamento, I forgot which—were committing great cruelties on the ordinary road that led across the mountain. In little more than a week they had stopped above a hundred travelers, had robbed all, murdered several, and put a few, who had offered resistance or were suspected of possessing hoarded money, to the torture.—Such episodes of life in Spain were too common to excite much surprise. Captain Diego was merely endeavoring, by the vigor of his early atrocities, to invest his name with a wholesome halo of terror, immediately profitable in the form of plunder and ransom, and which might not impossibly lead to the whole gang of highwaymen being bought off on their own terms, and taken into government employment as deputy-corregidors and police officials; but, in the interval, the little town of San Juan was crowded with travelers, unwilling to incur the risk of proceeding on their journey.

Among those thus detained was a young English lady, who, with her parents and her young brother, were on their way to Chili, from Buenos Ayres, where they resided. She was a very beautiful girl, whose golden hair and bright complexion looked all the lovelier because the style of her beauty contrasted so forcibly with the raven locks, dark, flashing eyes, and swallow tint of the olive-skinned Spanish senoras. I met with her more than once during my stroll through the streets and the plaza, but we were not acquainted, and it was by the merest accident that I learned that the name of the family was Trevor.

At last I lost all patience, and, chafing at the delay, yet unwilling to run into the lion's mouth by attempting the Felige Pass, I hired a mule and a guide, and, leaving the stores I had bought to follow at leisure, I set off for the more rugged and rarely-frequented passage called Las Nevis, or The Snows, an especially toilsome route, leading the pilgrim over some of the highest ground in the Southern Andes, but which was reasonably secure from brigands.

The first day's march was easy and uneventful. The puebla, or cultivated plain, was crossed, and then came the gradual ascent of the spurs of the mountain range, dotted as they were with hamlets, fields, and, here and there, the silent shaft and heaps of dross and scoriæ that indicated the situation of some abandoned mine.

"Le to-morrow, Senor Inglese," said Antonio, the guide, a young Indian from the highlands above us, "that our real work begins. This is a mere promenade, but we must trudge hard and long to clear the distance, from the halting-place to Hermandad, betwixt dawn and dark."

We slept at a farmhouse, and, before noon, on the ensuing day, I had reason to agree that Antonio had not over-rated the labor of the ascent. The path was steep, rugged, and broken, and it led amidst the more savage ravines and inaccessible heights of the stony Cordilleras. No four-footed creature less sure-footed than a mule could safely have ventured to carry a load up so narrow and perilous a track as that, which wound like a white snake among the beetling precipices and yawning gulfs, which make up the most characteristic features of the scenery of the higher Andes.—Above us, there soared volcanic peaks, crested with unsullied snow, and with flanks seamed and scarred by the lava floods of ages ago; while here and there would open out some darkling glen, choked by such a mass of tangled vegetation as to render it all but impenetrable to man or beast. There was but little sign of life, save that here and there some huge bird of prey, perched on a towering rock, seemed to survey table land and valley, as if to espy its destined spoil. The few villagers whom we met—miners, for the most part—were melancholy-eyed Indians, clad in garments of undyed wool, and wearing sandals of a quaint pattern, who returned my greetings civilly enough.

We made brave progress, and, after many a scramble in places where a fall or a false step might have entailed a drop of several hundred feet upon sharp stones or thorny shrubs, found ourselves, earlier than Antonio had anticipated, near the summit of the wild pass. Early as we were, however, we found ourselves preceded by another party of travelers, whose forms we could see on the narrow road that wound in irregular curves overhead.

"A bad bit that, English!" said my guide, as he made me remark how slow was now the progress of the group in our front, and how broken and steep the track.

"They are just coming to the Paso del Diablo, the worst arrow-flight of the whole road. Look, if it isn't just like a book-shelf in the cura's parlor, yonder in my village; only the books have the best of it. They rest safely there: whereas, on the Paso del Diablo, a stumble, or a gust of wind may send you—see!" And he tossed over the edge of the precipice a large pebble, which awoke the slumbering echoes of the hills, as it leaped from crag to crag into the giddy depths, too far for the eye to follow.

The Paso had really some fanciful resemblance to a bookshelf, being simply a ledge of bare stone, running along the face of a tall, gaunt rock, while the road, being narrow and utterly unprovided with rail, or bank, or parapet, overlooked the awful abyss below, at the bottom of which, faintly visible, a torrent gurgled among its boulders of water-worn stone. An uglier place of passage, or one more calculated to shake weak nerves, I had never seen, and I could well imagine that, in time of snow and storm, to attempt it would have been a foolhardy exploit. In fine weather and broad daylight, however, it could, no doubt, be traversed in tolerable security.

I looked forward; my eye caught the flutter of ladies' dresses and the outline of several figures, most of them being mounted on mules. Now, a mule is very wary and sure of foot, and partially deserves the eloquent praise which, in prose and poetry, has been bestowed on that obstinate animal. But when you are quick of eye and lithe of limb, you, as a man, are by far fitter for safely treading an awkward path than any beast less agile than the hill-fox or the ibex can be. Accordingly, I preferred walking where the track was slippery and the risk of stumbling considerable, and had dismounted before approaching my friend Antonio's "bookshelf." The travelers in front were all mounted, and pushed on, as the width of the path dictated, in Indian file. First of all rode, as I judged, a girl, whose plumed hat danced gaily in the yellow sunlight; then came a stripling on a mule; and, after these, followed five other persons two mounted, three on foot.—Those on foot were talking loudly, and gesticulating vehemently. Their harsh laughter came faintly back to us, as we advanced.

"They have given drink to their guides, the imprudent ones!" muttered Antonio, shaking his head. "Lucky for them that it is fine weather, and a peon from the poblas, who knew the road, could—Ay de mi!" And he dropped on his knees, and began to tell the beads of his rosary with a passionate fervor, which would have astonished me more had not my business brought me much into contact with the strange, impressionable race to which he belonged. I knew that there must be a cause for this sudden outbreak of religious zeal.

"What is it?" I asked, impatiently,—"Leave off, man, mumbling out the names of the saints, for one minute, and give me a plain answer. What is wrong?"

Antonio jerked his elbow towards the suddenly ovecast sky. Around the peak of the giant volcano, to northward, heavy clouds had gathered; while, elsewhere, a thin white fling, like flax from the spindles of the Fates, spanned the torquoise blue of the southern heaven.

"What is it?" I asked again, as I noticed that the mule, snorting, and evidently frightened, seemed trying to squeeze itself against the rocky wall.

"It is coming—coming!" cried Antonio, hoarsely.

"What is coming?" I exclaimed, angrily. "Tell me, scoundrel, or—"

"You'll know soon enough. El Vente del Murte—the Wind ot Death—Great Gregory, Rose of Lima, my patron, save us now;" replied the guide, as a lurid flash of lightning illumined the whole mountain panorama, and mingling with the diapason of the thunder, came a shriek, as of an imprisoned spirit let loose, and a rush of bitterly cold wind fairly hurled me against the rock, to which I clung for support, while the mule, sobbing and panting, cowered down upon its knees. For some four or five minutes this resistless blast endured and, when it relaxed its fury, my first thought was to creep forward on hands and knees and to look upward, so as to ascertain what had happened to the travelers on the rocky ledge above. To my horror, the shelf of stone was empty. No; on it there remained, pressed against the rock, one slender figure in female garb; while near her, crouched down like a terrified dog, stood the mule from which she had dismounted. The rest were gone!

So sudden, so dreadful, was the catastrophe that had occurred, almost before my eyes, that for a few moments I remained as though incredulous of the full horror of the scene. The voice of my guide, as he moaned out, "May they find mercy, whoever they were. Pray for those who are dead. Pray, too, for her who is about to die! Pobra, Nina!"

The Indian's quick eyes were not at fault. It was a woman—a girl—and by her dress probably a lady, who was in mortal peril within a few yards of me.

"Come, Antonio!" I cried, staggering as I rose to my feet, "on, and we may yet be in time to save one life, at least. Twenty dollars, man, if we save her," I added, impatiently, as my dusky follower remained motionless.

"Not all the silver in Chili, cavalier, would profit the wretch who should venture to cross the Paso, there, when Eliborazo wears his cap of clouds, and the death-wind is blowing. I'm no coward, senor; but I'll not risk my life on such a cast."

"If you won't, I will; and alone, too!" I answered, hotly; and, without paying any attention to the warnings which the Indian shouted after me, I scrambled up the steep and winding road, and stood upon the Paso del Diablo itself, being careful to keep as close as possible to the bare rock-wall, and away from the precipice.

Most fortunately, the force of the furious wind had slackened since the first terrible gust had exacted its early toll of human victims, or, otherwise, I doubt if the hardiest mountaineer could have traversed that place of peril. As it was, it cost me a desperate struggle to keep my foothold and advance towards where the girl stood, partly screened by a large stone that must, years before, have fallen from above, and which was overgrown with moss and lichen. Near her was the mule, its feet firmly planted on the rock, and its heaving flank all but flattened against the flinty wall, while its eyes, stony with terror, seemed to stare at the narrow platform on which we stood. I took in, I scarcely know how, all these details, as it became incumbent on me to creep past the mule, which partly obstructed the path, and, in doing so, to skirt the perilous verge of the abyss. I had now lost my grasp of the overhanging wall, to which I had hitherto clung with an eager clutch, and began to fear that the rushing wind would bear me away over the edge of the rock; but, though I reeled under the force of the blast, I kept my feet, and reached the spot where the girl was kneeling, with clasped hands and averted face.

Before I could speak, the mule, in the agony of its alarm, set up the screaming cry which its species utter under the influence of pain or rage, and the girl turned her head, and, for the first time, saw me. My recognition of her was immediate. Well did I remember that golden hair; those blue eyes, dilated as they now were, and expressive only of grief and fear; that fair, pure face! It was the beautiful English girl I had seen at San Juan, and, doubtless, her late companions had been her own family, of which she was, alas! the sole survivor.

"Save them! oh save them!" she exclaimed in Spanish. "Go to their help, sir, for the love of heaven! My poor father—my dear mother—my brother—All! all!—"

She wrung her hands, pointing with a piteous gesture to the edge of the cliff.

"I fear, Miss Trevor," I began, speaking in our language, when the girl gave a little start, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You know me?" she said; "yet—," and she paused for a moment, looking wonderingly at me, and then slowly murmured, "Ah! yes—I recollect—in San Juan, yonder!"

And even at that terrible time a faint blush rose to her cheek, as she possibly recognized in me the strange Englishman whose eyes had, perhaps too openly, expressed the admiration that he felt for beauty such as hers.

This, however, was no time, nor was the Paso del Diablo a fitting place, for fine speeches or elaborate apologies.

"Miss Trevor," said I, earnestly, "I am here to save you if I can. Every minute that we linger here adds to the chance that a fresh squall may set in, and, should it do so, it may be beyond human strength to get clear of this perilous ledge. Twenty yards off, as you see, is an angle in the path, by turning which, as I judge, we shall be comparatively safe. I will endeavor to support you, if you will—"

She interrupted me with an earnest prayer that I would leave her where she was, and go to the rescue of her parents and brother. Their need, she said, was greater than hers. I was, of course, but too well aware that these unfortunate persons must be beyond the reach of any earthly aid, but to say so would have been gratuitously cruel, and I therefore urged on her the necessity for accepting my escort so far as the nearest hamlet or cluster of miners' huts, promising to return with ropes and men, and to undertake a search for her lost relatives, which, alone, I could not hope to carry out. She was very gentle and confiding, as a child might have been, and rose up from her knees, expressing her willingness to follow me. And just then some flakes of snow came whirling down, whitening the rocky platform.

There were, as I have said, some twenty yards to traverse before reaching a corner, by rounding which, as I conjectured, we should have quitted the ledge of rock and gained the wider road beyond. But twenty yards, in some cases, may give cause for more anxiety than leagues of ordinary wayfaring. I had need of all my strength to support Miss Trevor's uncertain steps as she advanced, and, when we drew near to the angle in the path, I perceived, with no slight trepidation, that she was trembling like an aspen leaf, as her eyes were turned towards the tremendous gulf below.

"Hold me back! Pray hold me!" she exclaimed, almost wildly. "It draws me to it—it will——"

I understood her, luckily. I am one of those men who can remain cool and steady on the dizzy verge of a precipice. That is a mere question of constitutional temperament, for I have known the bravest, who had faced death on the battle-field without flinching, utterly unnerved by the terrible fascination which a yawning depth below the gazer's feet can exert upon him. The dread desire to plunge, and end life and fear at once, I could well appreciate and I saw that Miss Trevor would never get round the sharp angle of the rock, where the path narrowed to a width of some eighteen inches at most.

By a sudden impulse, I caughtthe girl in in my arms, and by a mighty effort succeeded in rounding that dangerous point, and in reaching, as I expected, that broader road beyond. The snow was falling fast, while still the thunder rolled, and the ice-cold wind swept howling past. Already the road was white with fallen flakes. Far across the deep valley, on an opposite table-land, I descried the walls of a convent, nestling amidst trees, and with farm buildings and Indian cottages around it. Could we but reach it we should be safe, but the only way to gain it speedily was evidently by crossing one of those suspension bridges, of native construction, which spanned the ravine from side to side. And this, in rough weather such as we were experiencing, presented no trifling risk. These bridges—which moved the wonder and admiration of the Spanish conquerors and which still afford the only means of crossing some of the ghastly chasms that seam the mountain range—are apparently frail constructions of grass-rope, twisted by Indian hands; the floor, a strip of matting; the hand-rail, a cord of grass; while, even with a light weight to carry, the passage is, to a novice, more exciting than agreeable.

With these remarkable bridges I was tolerably familiar, although I had never before seen one which spanned so wide and profound a gulf as that which now yawned beneath us, as I led Miss Trevor across the seemingly fragile construction, which rocked in the wind as a hammock on board a ship might do. We had traversed some two-thirds of the distance, when a fresh and more violent gust came howling through the pass, and it was all that I could do to prevent Miss Trevor from being dashed from the quivering bridge, on the floor of which we were both compelled to crouch, while the pliant matting that supported us swayed to and fro like a swing in a playground, and the snow and hail flew around us. The snapping of a rope, the giving way of a few strands of the plaited grass that bore us up, meant death, instant and inevitable. And, even should the tough grass-cords endure the strain upon them, we were in no slight danger of losing our hold from sheer exhaustion, and of being jerked from the bridge, as a stone is propelled from a sling. Once I made a resolute effort to lead the way to firm ground, but the violence of the vibration, as we neared the steeply-sloping extremity of the bridge, all but tore me from my hold of the tough fibres, and we were thankful to regain the middle of the narrow web, with which we swayed, backwards and forwards, as we may see a spider swinging on a single thread.

What was that scream, so loud and so near, in its harsh shrillness? Instinctively we both looked up, to see, flapping its wings over our heads, a very large bird, which, by its curved beak, fierce red eye, and breast-feathers of ashen grey, I knew to be a condor. Three or four times it circled round us, as if to mark us for its prey, and then, with a complaining cry, dived far down into the ravine below us. I shuddered to think whose were the helpless limbs that probably allured the gigantic vulture to his foul repast in the gorge below, but our own situation was one which left but little time to spend in regrets for those whose fate might at any moment be ours. Then, too, the intense cold which, as often happened in the Andes, seemed the more intolerable on account of the heat of the morning—so benumbed the delicate frame of my fair companion that I constantly feared that before the storm should cease she would have sunk into that fatal lethargy that knows no waking. By chafing her cold hands, and, in spite of her remonstrances, wrapping her in the loose coat I wore, which was fortunately a woolen one, I saved her, at any rate for the time, from frost-bite or stupor, although the snow and frozen hailstones whitened our garments, as we crouched waiting, rather than hoping, for deliverance.

We talked together—to have kept silence in such a spot and at such a time would have been maddening—and it was touching to hear how Miss Trevor took the blame to herself for my present peril, all incurred, as she said, through the generous impulse which had led me, at my own imminent risk, to succor her, a stranger. She laid such stress on this that I could not forbear saying that I should, I hoped, have done as much for any one in peril; but that if I could save her, whose sweet face had haunted me in my dreams since first I beheld her—Here I came to an awkward pause, and felt as though I could have blown my own tongue for what I had said, for might it not seem as if I were presuming on the position in which accident had placed me, and on the service which I had rendered? I do not think, however, that Miss Trevor understood the purport of my clumsy compliment, for she continued to converse quite simply, as a child might have done, often expressing her natural eagerness to procure help for her ill-fated relatives, of whom she made mention as though they must still be alive, though perhaps sorely hurt, in the valley below. I had not the heart to contradict her, knowing, as I did, that nothing short of a miracle, could have preserved the lives of those who had fallen over the edge of the Paso del Diablo.

Hours elapsed, and the wind abated, but I began to despair. No traveler might come that way for days, while I could not anticipate that Miss Trevor could endure the keen frost of the coming night in that exposed situation. Yet, how was it possible for me, in the exhausted state, to—What was that sound? This time it was not the boding scream of the vulture, but a loud halloo from human, and, as it seemed, friendly voices, and instantly I replied to the hail. Then there came, creeping towards us over the plated floor, a lithe figure, followed by another, while the voices of those on the bank were raised in a cheer of encouragement.

"Safe and sound, Caballero! St. Nicholas and the Virgin be praised for that! Ay, and the senorita, too!" said the well-known voice of Antonio, my guide, for he it was who headed the party. "Why, then, I'll say all my days, Inglese, that you bear a charmed life. Few who cross the Pasco—"

But I did not hear the rest of the Indian's speech, for now for the first time, I too grew faint and giddy, and realized the terrible strain on mind and body which the excitement of peril had enabled me to maintain, and, though I aided in helping Miss Trevor to the inanimate form from the snow, I can remember nothing more until I found myself lying on the bed in a guest-chamber of the convent, while a bearded monk, in brown robe and rope girdle, was warming something in a pipkin over a brazero of glowing charcoal.

"Drink this, Englishman!" said the good-natured Capuchin, as he poured the hot wine into a large silver cup, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of some Spanish viceroy of long ago; "drink this, and then go to sleep again, if you can. Nothing like it when once you are warm and sheltered. Yes, yes," he added, with a smile, as he anticipated my question, "the young lady, too, is well and asleep, too, I dare say. Heretics or not, you and she are welcome here, cavalier!"

I have little more to relate. Of the remains of the unfortunate persons who fell over the rock of El Paso, no trace was ever found, although, at Miss Trevor's urgent entreaty, a long and painful search was instituted among the glens below. But so wild and broken was the ground, and so intersected by snowdrifts, torrents and thorny thickets, that from the first the Indian miners and herdsman despaired of success, and, as I have said, the bodies were never recovered. So soon as my beautiful charge had regained strength enough to enable her to travel, I accompanied her to the city of Santiago, where her father's sister resided, and there, beneath her aunt's roof, I left her to mourn for the dear ones whom she was never more to behold. But parting was not for long. I became a frequent visitor to Santiago, and was a frequent guest in the house of Ellen Trevor's aunt. There, after a while, I told her my love, and thence I led my bride to the altar, if I must use so high-flown an expression concerning the Consular Office, with its white-washed walls placarded with announcements of wrecks and salvage, and other matters interesting to mariners, where we were married.

The Red-Cloud Indians.

HOW THE SQUAWS DRESS.

The Indian squaws are exceedingly interesting to a visitor to the agencies. Their faces are more oval-shaped than the males, and less stern of expression. They wear their coal-black hair in two braids, hanging down on either side of their heads. To one of these braids is fastened a little bag, ornamented with beads and filled with sweet-smelling leaves. Their teeth are better than those of the men—white and even, and rarely decayed. This redeeming feature softens the sensual look of the large mouth and thick lips. Their eyes are large almond-shaped and something of a dark brown, sparkling and merry. While it is hard to associate the idea of beauty with a squaw, whose garments are dirty, yet I have seen those whose faces could not fail to please. Their usual garment is a calico dress, called *chunwigga-uncka-minnie-hoa*, made in one piece, with flowing sleeves. It is gathered at the waist by a broad leather belt, worked with brass beads and ornaments of German silver. This sack is cut short, exposing red flaimel leggings, called *koonata*, and buckskin moccasins, handsomely adorned with beads and painted porcupine quills. Occasionally a red sack is worn studded with elk teeth, which is highly prized. They wear no covering for the head, either in summer or winter. Occasionly a squaw may be seen in Summer time with a variegated umbrella. Pieces of German silver and brass wire are made into finger rings, and armleta are in common use. Large holes, varying in length from a half-inch to an inch long, and from a quarter-of-an-inch to a half-inch in width, are ent in the upper parts of the ear. In these holes are fastened large brass rings, to which are attached turquoise beads, divided into from five to ten longitudinal sections. In each section are from three to five beads, fastened together by means of buckskin and rawhide. On the end of this ear-ring is the handsomest portion of a mother-of-pearl shell. I have seen as many as three of these ornaments in one ear. A necklace of the same material and fashioned in the same manner, is worn about the neck. The only weapon carried by a squaw is a knife, called *me la*, placed in a handsomely beaded case and fastened to the waist-belt. For occasions of ceremony and dances, the buckskin leggings and dresses are donned. These garments are gorgeous with bead-work, the shoulders and sleeves being covered with beads, and various devices representing men and animals. The leggings have the same ornaments. They are expert in the management of horses, and at a distance it is difficult to distinguish a squaw from a "buck," as their management of horses is identical, even to the incessant punching of the ponies' sides with the heels, and beating the beast with a whip. In childhood they play as merrily as white children, making mud pies, building miniature lodges, and seemingly making most of their time against the hardships of maturer years. As a rule, they all paint their faces. One of their fashions is to tattoo a small round spot in the centre of the forehead, and a streak down the centre of the chin.

The age of womanhood is hailed with gladness by the parents, and is the occasion of rejoicing, in the form of a feast, to which are invited all the friends of the family. On this joyful occasion, the father of the girl gives away as many ponies, robes and blankets to his friends, and the poor of his tribe as his possessions permit. Now the young girl is careful of her personal appearance, as the "bucks" will watch her. She adorns herself in garments of flaming colors, paints in an extravagant manner, and powders her hair with sweet-smelling leaves. Polygamy is the almost universal practice. There are three modes of marriage. The courtship of one form of marriage is conducted in a very singular manner. A young "buck," becoming enamored of a young squaw, waits a convenient time, when, approaching stealthily, he wraps his blanket around her, and then, holding her in a firm grasp, pours his tale of love and devotion into her sometimes unwilling ear. This being completed, he goes to the father, and the price of the maiden is agreed upon, according to the young man's wealth; one to three, and sometimes more, ponies are given for the girl. The transaction being finished, the girl becomes the warrior's wife, whether she has said "Yes" or "No." There is one thing certain, however, while she remains with him she obeys him. The squaw may leave her husband—or rather, she may be deserted by him—and then, going back to her family, she is ready to be bought again. There seems no especial regard between the "buck" and the squaw. In view of this fact, the Indian, strangely enough, evinces a strong affection for his children. Where there is no love between man and wife, you would suppose this could not exist. It is, nevertheless, a fact, that the children are dearer to an Indian than his horses. Of course, the squaws grow old fast, and soon become ugly hags. At this stage, they are treated as an incumbrance. Old men, as well as women, have been frequently left on the prairie to die. A small store of provisions, to sustain life for a few days, is given them; this gone, death by starvation follows. This, I am told, is no longer practiced by the agency Indians.—*Letter from Red Cloud Agency.*

A Thrilling Story.

The Corpus Christi (Texas) *Times* says: No more thrilling narrative could be imagined or described than that relating to Miss Susannah Pendleton's experience in the great storm, told, as it was, in the language of truth and simplicity, conveying a better idea to us than it could have done in any other way. Passing as she did through all and more danger than any other, witnessing the death of one after another of her acquaintances and fellow sufferers, hearing the despairing entreaties sent forth by agonized lips to the throne of the Most High for help and succor and mercy in those terrible hours—that fearful day and night, when the awful majesty of God revealed itself in the sublime tempest that swept away scores of lives and a flourishing city of 5,000 inhabitants.

Wednesday came the first indication of a severe storm, though so usual were all the phenomena that no more than usual results were anticipated. The waters of the bay rose six or seven inches more than customary, but did not alarm those who have seen the same thing occur many times before, with no more serious results.

Thursday morning dawned, lowering with storm-clouds, and with the wind blowing strongly and fiercely from the east. The waters rose still higher, yet still no danger was felt. Evening came, with an increase of wind, when the bay filled high with waters from the gulf, and the bayou, near where their house was, aided in the destruction commenced at an early hour Thursday evening. First, the waters lapped gently the streets, then a little higher, the doorstep; higher still, and it was upon the floor of the house. Before this we would have had time to cook dinner, as Miss Susannah said, "that last night we did have to take to the boats we'd have plenty to eat." Ere the meat would have had time to cook the water was sweeping through the room and over the stove. Retreat was made to the upper story, all the valuables and movable effects of the family having already been placed there. Other persons (neighbors and friends of Mr. Morrison, whose house of two stories, strongly built, was deemed safe and secure) had taken refuge with him, driven from their own homes by the rising water. In the humanity and love borne by the old man toward those of his kind in danger and want, he had that evening, though 54 years of age and feeble in strength, gone from house to house, through water up to his waist, and gathered into his own habitation those who were not so securely situated as he.

So the night closed in upon those thirty-five devoted men, women, and children, twenty-four of whom were never again to behold the dawn—never again to clasp each other by the hand, and many to be denied even the rites of burial!

Harder and harder raged the mighty wind, higher rose the remorseless bay, until the second floor, upon which the poor, terrified creatures were gathered, was reached. Then arose to Heaven a wailing cry of distress; from distracted mothers, with their little ones at their breasts, from strong men stricken with an awful fear, and from tiny child lips, that knew not cry.

One mother, Mrs. Cole, when entreating for mercy in that fearful hour, was cheered by comfort from a source hardly expected. From the lips of her little four-year old daughter, above the raging of the wind and sea without, and the cries of terror within, fell words that will linger forever in the memory of those who heard them—"Don't cry, mamma; God will not let us die! God will save us—don't cry, mamma!" And God did indeed answer her prayer, and saved the life of the little petitioner, and mamma and papa too. And a little two-year old boy in the same room, clinging to his mother's knee, every time the waves would wet his little feet, would shudder from the contact of the cold element, and repeating the cries he heard around him, would exclaim, over and over again, "Mamma, mamma; save me! save me!"

Oh, it must have been terrible, in that small room, the furious wind threatening every moment to tear the roof from over their heads, with the giant waves, their white crests laden with the timbers of some ruined wharf or wrecked vessel, and serving as a battering ram with which to tear down their frail protection; it must have been terrible to hear the wailing cries of those children, and know that no hope, no succor, no chance of life, existed but to the feeble security offered by the weak building in which they stood! Soon a plank from a part of the house most exposed was torn off. Instantly the consuming waters rushed through another, and still another, widening the opening, and revealing to the unfortunates within the terrible and never-to-be-forgotten scene of stormy ruin and destruction which met their first glance outside. But little time then had they to see or think. Almost coincident with the tearing away of the sides of the house, the roof was lifted bodily up and set down in the water outside, close beside the floor upon which the people were standing. Some six or seven, Susannah among the number, jumped from the insecurity of the tottering building to the roof, believing that it would float and sustain them. In the brief moments before all were separated, occurred scenes never-to-be-forgotten. Captain Lawton was endeavoring to save one woman who was struggling in the water. Several times he attempted to pull her upon the raft upon which he was, but she would not desert her children. "Let me die, but save my children," were the last words the poor woman spoke. All were lost—herself and both little ones. Upon every hand now were seen the struggling forms of despairing men and women, and the witness says that all about her could be seen long hair and white faces floating in the water, belonging to those whose spirits had gone to their Creator, borne upon the wings of the terrible Storm King.

But a little while did the frail support bear the combined weight of the six or seven gathered upon it. Ere it fell to pieces young Willie Morrison saw his mother floating by on a single plank. Jumping from his position he swam to it, took her back to the roof with him, and had barely placed her in fancied security when it parted, separating in pieces too small to afford refuge, when the mother, so gallantly rescued, went down to rise no more.

Susannah, with the little sister of Captain Brennan in her arms, had taken refuge upon a large timber from one of the wrecked wharves. A tame bear, a pet of Mr. Morrison's family, swam to it, crossed it, and wound a rope that was around his neck several times around her body. "How I got it off I cannot tell," she said, "but presently I became disentangled from the coil, and hardly had I shoved the animal away when a huge wave, which almost immediately hurled me and the little one below the surface, threw across the bear's body a large log, crushing his life out, saving mine." At the same time her hold upon the child was lost, and it, too, sank with one last wild cry of "Oh, save me, Susie, save me!"

Regaining her hold upon the friendly plank, with all her companions gone, with no apparent hope of life, her presence of mind and courage, her faith in God did not yet desert her. Far out upon the wild waste of waters she floated, with the frail support of that single plank between her and eternity. How far or in what direction she was carried she knew not, nor whether upon the bay or gulf. One moment she would be upon the crest of a huge wave, and the next in the hollow between, with what she supposed to be whole houses about to fall on her head. How she escaped being crushed to death by the mass of timber and wreck which she floated, she can never explain. But with body bruised, torn and lacerated, with her clothes almost entirely stripped from her body, she still floated on, wherever the winds and waves carried her. Friday morning her feet struck a knoll upon the prairie, nine miles from Indianola. She dragged herself to higher ground, when from a sense of safety and an overpowering fatigue, she lay down where she was, part of the time in an old empty hogshead, and fell fast asleep. When she awoke she found an old quilt near, which she wrapped around her, until she got where some men were working about a schooner, when more clothes were given her. She remained in the camp, where also were Mrs. McFarland and her family, who were all saved, until a vessel came to take them off, when she came immediately to Corpus, as full of life and health, albeit a little bruised, as she was before the storm, but thankful with every thought to God for her preservation.

A Strange Story.

Western papers of the past three weeks contain the following account of a girl named Mary Walker, claiming to have left a home in Maine:

LAWRENCE, Kan., Oct. 19. A startling sequel to a matrimonial advertisment has just been made public in this city. It appears that a well-known judge, residing at Ottawa, Kan., some time since, advertised in an eastern paper for a wife. The advertisment was answered by a girl by the name of Mary Walker, residing somewhere in Maine. The judge is an old man, and when photographs were exchanged, he sent the girl the shadow of a younger and better looking man than himself. Correspondence was kept up, until finally the judge wrote to the girl that he was sick, and requested her to come on and attend him until health was restored, and he would marry her. The too confiding girl consented, and after a long journey, found herself at the depot at Ottawa, a weak, helpless girl, far from home and friends and among strangers. She was met by her affianced, the judge, but imagine her surprise, when, instead of a handsome young man, she beheld an ugly, shuffling old person. The girl's young dream, the alluring pictures of young manhood and a bright home in the far west, were dissipated at once. A horrid night-mare seemed to rest upon her. The wealth the judge pretended to have was nowhere to be seen, and instead of going to a mansion of ease and comfort she was introduced to the apartments of a poor and unpretentious dwelling. A marriage was soon consumated, but the poor girl's nature revolted at the nuptial bed, and she would not become a wife to the winter-wed old man. The day following, the girl, not knowing what to do, applied for divorce. This was granted, and having used all her money, she asked for needle work among the good ladies of Ottawa, by this way she supported herself for several weeks. The daughters and relatives of the judge looked kindly upon her and advised her to wed the judge and live with him. But the girl's bright dreams and her love for the shadow the judge had sent her came up before her to constantly say "No!" to their repeated solicitations. She brooded over her disappointments and sorrows, until her mind undoubtedly wandered, and in her loneliness she hastily packed at ravelling satchel and slipped away from Ottawa. Having no money, she started on foot to walk to Lawrence. Poor girl, how different her entrance and her exit, the former full of hope, the latter full of dread and disappointment; the former full of enticing visions, the latter full of furies, driving her on and on until rest would be found in the silence of death. The distance from Ottawa to Lawrence is about 28 miles, and Mary Walker could not walk it in one day. Night coming on, she rested in a deserted cabin on the road, seeking shelter on the prairies, far from the habitation of men, and away from the stupid sympathy of strangers.

If the girl's reason had not entirely left her; if she was capable of reasoning and feeling those alarms which concious and timid women always feel, even in their own quiet and secure homes at night, what must have been her feelings as she crouched from view in that lonely cabin on the black and deserted prairie? Think of it ye daughters of happy households; think of it ye mothers and wives who cherish your dear, delightful homes!

Mary Walker entered Lawrence unconscious, probably, of what she was doing. She had walked all the way from Ottawa; she had rested over night in a desolate place; she must have been tired, footsore and hungry. It appears she had wandered about the streets all day, or until the middle of the afternoon, when she rung the bell at the residence of one of our Christian families. When the door was opened.

"Please do you want any sewing done here?" was the simple inquiry of the deranged girl. On being answered that no sewing was required, she asked:

"Can I step into a room a moment to arrange my dress?"

The good lady of the house showed the poor girl into a bed room and returned to her parlor. The girl did not return for some time and the lady sent her little daughter to know the reason. Imagine the child's surprise to find the strange girl with nightgown on, in bed, white as a carved statue. The child hurried down stairs and told the startling story to her mother. When the lady of the house appeared at the bedside where the strange girl lay, her first exclamation was,

"Who sent you here?"

"God sent me here!" was the sad, though truthful reply of poor deranged Mary Walker. God had undoubtedly sent her there, for in that household she received such care as Christian people give to the unfortunate and afflicted.

"Typhoid fever!" said the doctor, when he answered a hurried summons of the good people of the household, and Mary Walker raved about marriage, her home in Maine, about people in Ottawa, the Judge who had deceived her and such things as were uppermost in her mind. She lingered thus four weeks, when death came to her relief and the poor girl was at rest.

Letters were written to the Judge at Ottawa. His daughter and other relatives of his came with expressions of sorrow. But they were too late. Finally, after Mary's death, and when the grave was dug in the Potter's field, in Oak Hill Cemetary, the Judge made his appearance and arranged for her proper burial. He paid all bills, bequeathed all her clothing, which was forwarded from Ottawa, to the lady who cared for her in sickness, and quietly turned away. The clothing is represented as being handsomely made up—undoubtedly made for wedding clothes before she left her home. The underclothing was handsomely embroidered and made of the finest material, denoting wealth and refinement.

"Who is Mary Walker?" the reader will ask. No one knows. In her delirium she said she came from Maine. That is all. But she was young and handsome. Her hair was light and her eyes blue. Her complexion was very fair. There seemed to be nothing of evil in the girl's character, and as the physician in attendance says there was nothing about the girl to indicate a falling from chastity.

Who can help weeping over the sad fate of this poor girl! Trusting and confiding in man's promises, she travels hundreds of miles, and meets disappointment and death among strangers. Her grave should be marked by mothers and decorated with flowers by dutiful and obedient daughters, so that the lesson of Mary Walker's life may be ever a warning to those who yearn for the romance of marriage and of life, and who seek for the fulfilment of wifely duties and responsibilities outside the line that society and custom have adopted.

If these lines should meet the eye of parents in Maine, who mourn the continued absence of a daughter, they can learn all particulars of the death of Mary Walker by addressing the city physician in Lawrence, Kansas.

The Hunter and the Mouse.

No doubt all of the little people have read stories of mice that will sing and dance.—We will tell you about the "old fiddler and the musical mouse." Once upon a time (that is the way the stories go, you know), there was an old fiddler, who lived way out on the prairies, in a log cabin all by himself; his only companions were his dog Towser, and old Tabby the mouser, with his fiddle and trusty old gun. Often as even tide came on, he would take down the fiddle from its place on the mantle-tree, and sit down to play some favorite melody to pass away the long evening hours.

As he played he could hear the noisy mice scratching and nibbling in the garret above, and scampering about in great glee. He was playing the last strains of the old song, "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea." when lo! what did he see? Why, every crack and crevice among the logs was filled with little mouse heads, their eyes glittering and snapping as they made up the greatest faces you ever thought of. The old fiddler would draw a sharp strain, and back would go their heads, quick as a flash.

One little fellow was so charmed that he came creeping down the logs and ran along the floor just across from the old fiddler. It was dancing along as fast as its little legs would allow, singing and chirping